

The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

GENERAL GRANT has entered the White House and has taken the seat of Washington. The august station once filled by the chieftain whom all men call the Father of his Country is filled by another whom most men call its Saviour. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that this accession of the conqueror of Vicksburg and of Richmond is received by the country with an unanimity of assent not exceeded since the time of Washington himself. That there are reasons for this of a peculiar character qualifies but does not materially affect the significance of the fact. The Republicans rejoice in a party triumph, and the Democrats rejoice in the belief that Grant will not be a party President. Each side sees that Grant could have been elected without the nomination of the other. It is true that he was elected as the candidate of the Republican Convention, and that there was a certain propriety in his being the candidate of the political body distinctively identified with the successful struggle in which he was the foremost actor. But the Republican leaders, at that juncture, were fast losing the national confidence they had done so much to gain, and an alliance with Grant had become indispensable to the cohesion and predominance of their party. In other words, Grant could have been certain of success without them, and they were certain of failure without him. The fact, therefore, that the new President is in so substantial a measure absolved from ordinary party obligations, considered in conjunction with his well known former predilections, explains the readiness of the Democrats to take his election in good part, and to anticipate favorable results from his administration. Had he taken up with the Republicans as a forlorn hope, hardly any circumstances could have enabled him, or perhaps warranted him, to escape the party trammels; but as, to use the homely phrase, the boot was precisely on the other leg, ties of this sort are naturally held to be of the slightest and most elastic character, and such as may easily vanish on any important issue into thin air.

There are, however, reasons unconnected with and superior to the prejudices or interests of party that have serious influence in producing general and cordial acquiescence in Grant's accession to the Presidency. It happens that there is an increasing number of people who care more that the country should be well governed than that either political party should prevail. These people see that the country has been and is very badly governed. They know that, while the boast of exceptional advantages in this respect is absurdly common, taxes are too high, justice is too uncertain, the public service notoriously slipshod and corrupt; that the community at large is impoverished in many ways for the sake of individual interests; that in these and other disastrous particulars we have been going backward rather than forward, and that, in a word, if we were nominally under an iron despotism we could scarcely be worse off than we are under a free republic. They know that the moral and social tone of our society is swiftly retrograding under these mischievous political influences; that the self-same men of note among us who ten or twenty years ago would not have been guilty of a low and selfish thing, will stoop to it to-day because such practices are now more common, and so held more venial, and because gold is the only god. They know that a republican government, and most especially one set over a community so largely given to trade as our own, is in grave peril when those principles of rigid economy, non-interference with local self-government, and steadfast opposition to special legislation that constitute the staunchest securities for the permanence of free institutions are once abandoned. It is plain to such thinkers that, as regards the Chief Magistracy, the emergency calls chiefly for two things, namely, strength and honesty; and that there is solid reason to believe that the new President possesses these qualities in a pre-eminent degree. He is known to be strong and tough; and many of our troubles have sprung from the national habit of lifting fragile things too high. He is known to be a plain man, with no great imagination, perhaps, and little taste for magnificence and display. He is known to dislike lavish expenditure of means or force of any kind, unless to gain some tremendous object; but that in such a case he has no misgiving or hesitation. It seems clear to these observers that a man under whose very eye the vast cost of the war was expended is in the best position to realize the need of recuperation, and that such a man will not hesitate to take the responsibility, no matter whom he offends, of arresting that terrible drain on the national resources which promises, unchecked, to be almost as fatal as would have been the disruption that his sword prevented. The independent thinkers of the country are thus strongly disposed to be hopeful of Grant's administration on the score of economy, courage, and integrity; and, when his avowed desire for reform in the civil service and his natural sympathy as a Western man with the principles of free trade are remembered, it seems reasonable to augur for him the support of the intelligent and increasing classes who advocate such progressive and essential steps toward higher civilization and national development. It is true that these flattering prospects may not be verified by events. General Grant is, in the opinion of some cool

analysts of character, a narrow, or rather a limited, man, and he is certainly in some respects an ill-educated man. Moreover, successful generals have frequently made bad statesmen and curiously unpopular ones. The same London mob that cheered after Waterloo broke the windows of Apsley House. The discipline and habits of the camp are manifestly apt with many to produce mental twists unfavorable to prosperous statesmanship. A proper grasp of politico-economic subjects and a mastery of the ways of diplomacy are so far foreign to the arts of war that there is not a little to sustain the general proposition that who towers to the eagle's place in the latter is unlikely to excel in the former. It is, however, both just and satisfactory to recollect that General Grant has in nothing more distinguished himself than in his singularly judicious selection of lieutenants. Invariably during the war he had the right man in the right place; or when, as in the case of Butler, there was a rare exception, the error was rectified with a celerity, readiness, and precision that struck the whole country with admiration. There are grounds, then, for the assumption that the President has not only the discernment to make wise selections for assistants and advisers, but that rarer good sense which leads a man to recognize and make up for his own deficiencies by employing the special talents and experience of others. The public will be in a better position to judge of the accuracy of this view when officially advised of the elements of President Grant's cabinet.

THE WHITE PINE SILVER EXCITEMENT.*

THE state of Nevada, lying west of the Rocky Mountains between Utah and California, is rich in mineral resources, particularly in silver, of which it has already produced a large amount, though most of its mountains have as yet merely been prospected. The Comstock lode, once so rich and apparently inexhaustible, has so fallen off that about one-third of its stamps are now idle. During the past year the diminution in its yield amounted to upward of five millions of dollars, and the expense of working the mines averaged 93 per cent. of their aggregate production. Taken as a whole, however, mining is looking up all over the state. Several new districts have been discovered which promise well, but the most important and that which has attracted the largest share of attention is the region known as the White Pine. This district comprises an area of about twelve miles square, in a bold chain of hills bearing the same name, whose general altitude varies from six to nine thousand feet, though several high ridges reach an elevation of eleven thousand feet. It lies one hundred and twenty-five miles east of south from Elko, and about the same distance south of east from Austin. Elko is on the Central Pacific Railroad, some four hundred and sixty miles east of Sacramento, and at present is simply a collection of tents, at the mouth of the south fork of the Humboldt. Stages already run between Silver City and Boise to Elko, and thence to Hamilton, in the White Pine district. The discovery of the silver lodes—regarded as the richest ever known in the world—was made by an Indian and a man named Eberhardt some time last summer. Eberhardt and his men worked on quietly for a couple of months, and the locality was so remote that the rich discovery began to produce no excitement until September. Then the news spread over adjoining states and territories like a prairie fire, everybody rushed to the new diggings, and the district has already become one of the most populous in the great inland basin of the continent. In fact, the excitement all along the Pacific coast exceeds the old '49 furor, or Frazer river or Washoe excitements. In San Francisco nobody talks of anything but White Pine, and fifty-four companies with a capital of upward of sixty millions of dollars have been organized for the mines. All over the state the merchant is leaving his desk and the farmer his plough to join in the general scramble. It has depopulated much of the rest of Nevada, and also of Idaho, and extends even to our Western cities St. Louis and Chicago, but has scarcely yet reached New York. From three to five thousand men spent the winter at White Pine, and there has probably been much suffering for want of food. During the coming summer it is calculated that a hundred thousand people will be at work in the district.

The general name of the mountain in which the mineral deposits are found is Treasure Hill. The Eberhardt lode near the summit has been opened two hundred feet in length, one hundred and sixty in width, and seventy in depth. Millions and millions of dollars' worth of ore are said to be in sight. Specimens brought away are almost pure silver, quite as rich as anything ever found in the Owhyhee district. They have realized all the way from \$100 to \$20,000 per ton, but the general range is from \$500 to \$5,000. The quantity of ore all over the region that will yield from \$50 to \$100 to the ton is said to be unlimited. The ore—chloride of silver—is found in a limestone formation, usually in pockets or great masses, while in Chloride Flat a lake of molten silver seems to have cooled. Ordinarily silver deposits in limestone have proved limited in extent, but the White Pine district appears to be an exception. So, also, are the rich silver mines of Chanarcillo in Chili, which have produced sixty millions of dollars, and those of Catorce in Mexico, where a limestone deposit nearly a hundred years ago yielded seven millions. Whether the White Pine deposits do or do not prove as permanent as they are undoubtedly rich, they are certain for a year or two to be the wonder of the world. In the rush to this district

*For the information embodied in this article we are mainly indebted to the advance sheets of a new edition of Mr. Richardson's popular work, *Beyond the Missouri*, &c.

everything has been taken possession of—all the timber, all the rancho land, and all the mineral land staked and claimed. Everything commands enormous prices. Governor Blaisdell saw a pole fifteen feet long and four or five inches in diameter sold for five dollars; yet the region is better timbered than most of the Nevada mines. The trees are pinyon, cedar, mountain mahogany, and groves of pine and fir suitable for lumber. Timber for fuel is abundant. The nearest saw-mills are at Fort Ruby, one hundred miles distant, but frame houses are being shipped from every part of the territory where the mines have given out. There is much bunch grass throughout the range and the soil when irrigated yields abundantly. As usual with new discoverers, Eberhardt is said to be poor, having been "frozen out" of most of his claims, but some enormous fortunes have already been made. A son of Admiral Dahlgren has claims which it is said he could sell out now for a million dollars, and the Bank of California is reported to have bought one of the mines for seven millions. Several companies have already extracted more than half a million dollars' worth of ore each. Three towns are springing up—Treasure City, Hamilton, and Sherman—within three or four miles of each other. There is already one weekly newspaper, the *White Pine News*, and several dailies are to appear in spring. Quartz-mills are going in in every direction—two were started last November—and the number of stamps at work in the district will soon be considerable. A rich silver lode has been found fifty miles south of White Pine, and many new discoveries will doubtless yet be made.

"SECOND CHOP" ITALIAN OPERA.

THE eccentric Celestials of Hong-Kong have lately taken to designating Americans as "second chop English." This piece of intelligence, although well authenticated and coming to us through several widely-circulated foreign journals, has not been as extensively spread in this country as choice and piquant bits of news usually are. We have seen no mention of it in the "Gleanings" of the *Evening Post* or in the "Editorial Spinings" of the *Evening Mail*. Both Mr. Train and Mr. Wendell Phillips have neglected to introduce it into their lectures, and the ladies of the *Revolution*, thinking, no doubt, that its sarcasm leaves *their* withers unwrung, have passed the phrase unnoticed. Even the genial satirist of the *World*, whose screeds constitute the legitimate antitheses of the *vox et prateria nihil* idea, has left these purblind and indiscriminate Chinamen unscathed by the shafts of his classic wit, and unburdened with the task of penetrating the significance of his delicate irony. Whether the barbaric ignorance of these wretched children of Confucius, these pounders of gongs and poisoners of tea, is to be credited for such pitying silence on the part of our great writers and orators, we know not; perhaps the advertisements of the Colossal Columbian Tea Company have something to do with it; in any event, we simply state the fact for the purpose of suggesting to Mr. Maretzek an analogical consolation for the cup of bitterness we are about to hold to his lips. The truth is Mr. Maretzek has disgusted the town with "second chop" Italian opera quite long enough. Considerations of kindness for himself, sympathy for the poor artists, and the hope of better things have hitherto sealed our lips, and those of many others, on occasions when unhesitating candor would have been better in the long run for the manager's pocket as well as for the interests of art. We are, however, convinced that such reticence is a pure mistake. Persisted in, the public comes to regard the critical opinions of the press with something of the same contempt with which it regards the performances "criticised." New York is becoming too metropolitan for the spoon-victual and baby-talk with which her theatres and opera-houses and actors and singers have hitherto been garnished and served up. The day has gone by for the infantile milk, and the day has come for the mature strong meat. The town has outgrown "second chop" criticism and, as might reasonably be expected, it is heartily sick of "second chop" Italian opera.

Now, unhappily for him, Maretzek is the very Magnus Apollo of "second chop" Italian opera. His name is indissolubly connected with bygone *prime donne*, with haggish and wofully ill-clad choristers, with dirty scenery, with gushes of pipe-smoke that come up from the music-room with the orchestra, with the flavor of Chatham Street in the *coulisses* as well as the wardrobe, with subterranean lager-bier and whiskey, and with a too unvarying *cordon* of smirking, self-asserting orientals. He is the sponsor of awkward, impudent, and conceited tenors; of great artists in the shape of basses and barytones who carried on banners and led the supernumeraries last year in small Italian theatres; of brokendown people of all sorts who can get no openings in Europe; and of gawky, callow products of indigenous growth, whose hallucinated protectors imagine they are gaining for them "position" by insisting on their playing first business with an inferior opera troupe. With all this sort of thing—this dingy finery, these gorgon tuners of sweet accents, this filthy paint, these diabolical bouquets of garlic, beer, and tobacco—is the management of Maretzek so thoroughly identified that he may as well throw up the *baton* at once and hang his harp on the willows. He has sunk below the recognition of fashionable and refined society precisely in the same ratio that he has retrograded from sound art. He has been tried over and over in the scale and found wanting. Neither salt nor sympathy can save or resuscitate his lyric reputation; for whatever he may deserve of kindly recollection for earlier attempts—and we confess that for our own part we always think of these latter with gratitude—Maretzek has now fallen hopelessly, by dint of repeated failures and chronic

want of both luck and tact, into the unenviable position of being the high priest of "second chop" Italian opera. His present season, like a great many others before it, is a dismal *fiasco*; and as in some respects it may fairly be called the worst of his experiments on public good nature, so may we hope it will be the last.

These observations may seem severe, but few who know anything of the subject will deny that they are just. Compare, for example, the elegance and finish with which Bateman brought out his operas with the melancholy spectacles lately presented at the Academy. Such a comparison will instantly suggest the obvious truth and explanation, that Maretzek is an operatic Bourbon. He learns nothing and he forgets nothing. The same old stale, tawdry, and stupefying way of going on that characterized everything he touched twenty years ago characterizes it now. New York has trebled in population, wealth, art-knowledge, and metropolitan instincts; but Maretzek and his "second chop" opera are still the same. Some say that the repeated failures and the unfashionable prestige of this manager are due to the preponderance of Hebrew counsels and proclivities that always distinguishes his régime, but this we believe to be an error. Such influences are not found to be damaging elsewhere. Other managers, like Messrs. Wallack and Booth, who are both claimed by the same artistic and impassioned race, play to crowded houses nightly. But, it is to be observed, they offer their patrons decent accessories in all respects. Their houses are not pervaded by foul smells, the dresses of their players are decorously kept ungreased and whole, they pay their bills, as we are informed, with punctilious regularity, and altogether present performances which, if in some respects obnoxious to criticism, are fit for ladies and gentlemen to witness and be pleased by. Nor do we credit the explanation of Maretzek's apologists—that the people will not support Italian opera—for a single moment. Let a really *first* chop Italian opera be offered to the New York public and we shall be—as we are not now—in a position to judge. It would scarcely be fair to hold up a few wretched daubs in the way of paintings, and then, because the people did not flock to purchase them, to cry out the community has no taste for art. The money is here, the love of music is here, and we make not the least doubt that when an entertainment is offered to New York as good as can be had at Covent Garden or Les Italiens—and it is time New York had just such an opera—it will be remuneratively supported. The American public is more ready than a European one to pay liberally for such amusements, and moreover it is, on the whole, better able to do so. But a manager needs to have money and enterprise—in both of which Maretzek is deficient—and experience, which is not the strong point of Mr. Fisk. Still, although Tietjens might have been a better card than Nilsson, and Ilma de Murska better than either—the latter because of a certain dash and *élan*, and because in a few parts, notably in *Lucia*, she would be sure to create a furor, and is thus better adapted to succeed in this country than either of the other ladies—it is refreshing to know that something like a really "first chop" Italian opera is at last to be vouchsafed to us, and that the days of the "second chop" article with its ill-starred impresario are therefore necessarily numbered.

Were Maretzek to turn over a new leaf, to give up beer, garlic, dirt, and tobacco-smoke, and were he to get some of the modest dilettante who shrink so coyly from public gaze in the proscenium boxes of the Academy to aid him with cash or credit, so that he might entice a few people who can sing into his company; and if he would pay such attention to the chorus as to make his stage look less like a crow-frightening field in harvest-time; and if he would push on the whole with a title of the spirit, liberality, and energy displayed by the managers of the French opera troupes, we should be among the first to acknowledge and praise his achievements. But, as it is, Maretzek must be content with the position we have assigned him of chief of the moribund "second chop" Italian opera. He may console himself, as we have already suggested, by the assumption that this dictum is inspired either by celestial ignorance or infernal malice on our part; but we fear that neither his own inner consciousness, the patronage of the public, nor the voice of the contemporary press will long sustain him in so pleasing an illusion.

ART CRITICISM.

IT is difficult without the appearance of arrogance to treat of subjects about which most readers while profoundly ignorant consider themselves competent critics. "Art is long and time is fleeting," as Mr. Longfellow earnestly repeats, and of course people are not to blame if they have been too busily employed in "getting on" to study *chiaro-oscuro*, or know anything about the dominant seventh. That is to say, they are not to blame for unavoidable ignorance of art; but they are amenable to criticism when they talk about their natural tastes, say they know what they like, and build themselves up into the complacent conviction that they are able to appreciate the best efforts of those who have served long and worked hard to reach out and touch the lowest petal of that choicest blossom of civilization, that flower of all the ages—Art.

Nobody would walk into a chemist's laboratory and deliver judgment upon his methods or their results, but in a studio no such modesty restrains men's speech; and because the finest fruits of artist-work are somewhat vague and intangible, not to be demonstrated by printed figures or poured into glass-stoppered bottles, it is assumed that no special training is necessary to appreciate them. For such an unfortunately too general estimation

of art there is no remedy like sound criticism, and that, curiously enough, is always resented by the very people who, in the plenitude of their ignorance, so freely bestow their own. They are invariably displeased by being told what to admire; and yet, although as we have said before, it is difficult to dictate in such matters without the appearance of arrogance, the writers and the readers of artistic criticism are increasing in numbers. In such increase we see at present greater promise for the culture of the people than in the multiplication of picture-galleries. The popular theory about pictures is, that by steady persistence in looking at good ones the most ignorant eyes will be opened to distinguish between what is excellent and what inferior. Probably some amelioration of our native barbarism may result from additions to the number of first-class pictures throughout the land, but it is of little use to put printed books into the hands of those who cannot read. Chromos are held by the sanguine to be a sort of alphabet of art which will help people on to a knowledge of better things; but we have little faith in the efficacy of those toy alphabets which, truly, the chromos somewhat resemble. Children are usually quite content to play, seldom willing to spell with them; and of the masses who buy copies from the great pictures—casts from the dead, so utterly has the soul escaped them—few are willing to search for the original, that they may read it, and many are content with the bright colors of the toy. We want critics more than painters, scholars instead of poets, judges of acting quite as much as actors. Amid the waste of new books and prints, the quantity of new music and the rush of new amusements, our old standards are engulfed, and while we need a far greater number of teachers to guide us to new ones, we have, compared with the many subjects popularized, fewer. Of course we mean critics, not reporters who say a few kind words for their friends; nor reviewers who say many unkind ones of their enemies; but writers capable of analyzing the matter before them dispassionately, bringing forth reasons in defence of their opinions and high standards in justification of their praise. Pope's hackneyed line was never more perfectly verified than now, at least in art matters. It is the little knowledge that so impedes the formation of national taste. When people knew nothing they were humble, read the slowly delivered criticisms of masters in the arts with respect, and deferred to them with gravity. But that kind of reverence has passed away, and the better kind which comes with higher knowledge is yet far from us. Formerly young people cultivating one or two arts, or rather degrading them into mere accomplishments, naturally respected the opinions of their teachers, and such opinions were probably sound. At present most people work rather hard at some one thing, and naturally are not diffident in expressing an opinion about it, although such opinion be often unsound. There can be no doubt that this change is, on the whole, for the better, but its immediate effect is to lower the tone of criticism. The judgment of amateurs seldom has, or deserves to have, weight; but its repeated utterance encourages the general and agreeable belief that the habit of criticising is a proof of natural capacity, and therefore ought to be freely exercised. That every one has a right to his own opinion is, of course, true; only every one is not entitled to suppose that such opinions must needs have any value for others. To say, as offering an excuse for presumption, that we are in a transitional state, is, of course, absurd, because mankind has probably always been in such a state. But certainly, at present and in this country, the evidences of transition are rather unpleasantly obtrusive, and the sooner some of them are beaten down by an authoritative and enlightened criticism the better for our artistic future.

Just now we are at once impatient of such criticism and confident of our ability to exercise it. We have cast off the chrysalis of our modest ignorance and have not yet acquired the harmonious coloring of a higher knowledge, and in the awkwardness of a changing condition are stubborn in self-assertion. Hobbledehoy, individually or *en masse*, are always delightful to themselves and terrible to every one else while passing through that necessary evil stage. When their eyes begin to be opened to the true aspect of affairs, when they see their arms and legs as others see them, they begin to control their obtrusive movements and cease to sprawl over the rest of mankind. We shall probably grow quickly out of the complacent stage of national hobbledehoyism and work on to something better, more modest, and more honest. While thus growing into a clearer perception of the meaning of culture and the importance of criticism, we shall more justly estimate the injury suffered by art and society at the hands of those who, praising and reviling with equal ignorance, compel the disgusted artist to ignore criticism and the indifferent public to undervalue art.

Smatterers are the bane of any society, and ours is overrun with them. They presume to judge of singing because they sing, of literature because they write, of acting because they are fond of private theatricals; but smatterers wither away before that calm, analytical, searching criticism which is the greatest aid to true artists, the breath of life to true art. A few, very few, courageous writers have ventured upon a thorough criticism of our manners and our speech. If some one more valiant still would criticise our critics, and show us what manner of opinions we daily swallow, he would deserve our thanks, but probably receive our curses. We in the western lands also sometimes stone the prophets; but stonings are better than stagnation, for often while contradicting or defying an accusation a startled conviction of its truth will flash across the mind. The English have generally welcomed their best critical friends from Ruskin to Matthew Arnold with outbursts of anger. These outbursts have been harmless to

the writers, and infinitely beneficial to the people by lending an extraneous interest to subjects not otherwise sufficiently considered by them. Critics are the prophets of art. Let us honor their office and thus ennoble them; but let us still compel them to suffer stoning at our hands rather than neglect, anger rather than indifference. Let us have anarchy, confusion, war in thought, discord in art, dispute in science—anything earnest, honest, true; only let us not have apathy and self-complacent ignorance; let not our cry throughout the land to preachers and writers, to the press, to the bar, to the Senate, be for ever, "Prophesy unto us smooth things."

OUR BEST SOCIETY.

SOMEWHERE, the story went of old, in the wide waste of trackless billows outside the pillars of Hercules, far beyond the uttermost limits of the world, lay the Fortunate Islands. Under milder skies and friendlier stars than earth elsewhere knew, they reared their unchanging beauty from the waters. Never did storm or cloud ruffle for an instant their brightness; never did sorrow or pestilence or any sort of ill vex the perennial happiness of these lucky islanders, whose lives flowed on in serene succession of hopes without disappointment and memories without regret. There the earth yielded unasked her choicest treasures of flower and fruit; no blight ever blasted the fair promise of olive or of fig, and St. Patrick himself might have searched in vain for a viper; every hillside was dark with vines that asked no pruning-hook and feared no worm; every meadow was white with flocks that no herdsman tended and no wolf harried; even the bleakest mountain-tops were gladdened with the laugh of silver-footed rivulets, whose waters, fraught with the boon of perpetual youth, no angry Phœbus ever drank dry. Countless indeed were the favors which the good gods lavished on these blessed islands untouched of any wandering keel; for, so the poet tells us whose glowing picture we have faintly copied, they were reserved to be the heritage of a pious race. But whether it resulted from the lack of piety in a degenerate world, or the excessive care with which they were guarded by some celestial administrator for the rightful heirs, certain it is that from that day to this no one has discovered them. Many went in quest of them, some few professed to have found them; but when put to the test of guiding other seekers to the same blissful shores they uniformly failed. The pillars of Hercules have long since ceased to mark the margin of the world, and the *Oceanus circumvagus* of Horace no longer daunts the least adventurous sail. Island after island has been found whose beauty seemed to rank it with the Happy Isles; but always experience has detected some treachery in the climate, some unsalubrity in the air, some flaw or defect that destroyed the claim by failing from the pattern. League after league of that mysterious sea has been unveiled, and league by league the Hesperides have receded before the anxious voyager. Unfound, and never to be found, they hide in the farthest western ocean, revealing only to the brooding skies their tropic loveliness, unseen of any human eye, untrod of any human foot,—

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

Such is the ancient story, and a very pretty story it is. But though we have given up the search for the *divites insule* of the Roman poet, human nature is still the same now as then, in its cravings for unattainable perfection. We, too, have our Hesperides, and we call them Our Best Society. Thrice happy lives are theirs who dwell therein, and from time to time their laureate, who is Jenkins (*vice* Horace, promoted), gives us envious glimpses of their better fortune. Afar off, as it were, and dimly, we catch sight of a realm more glorious than the enchanted garden of Aladdin; a paradise lit with the sheen of priceless jewels, canopied with lace, and carpeted with satin, whereunder and whereon move beings of ineffable magnificence and beauty. Naturally we are moved by the gorgeous spectacle, and we stretch out arms of infinite longing toward that lovely world. But, presto! in a whiff the vision disappears, and we are left wailing in the outer darkness. Only the possessor of the magic lamp can find his way to that resplendent mystery, and nowadays there is no other Aladdin than Jenkins.

Sometimes, benevolent as fortunate, he takes pity on our forlornness and despair; he drops vague clues, eagerly seized on to guide us through the labyrinth; he gives us in his fascinating descriptions names of men and women that we recognize as belonging to creatures like ourselves, fellow-laborers in this outside and common-place vineyard. So, fired with a new hope, we hasten to examine more carefully these favored few; we hang on their lightest words, their most trivial motions with an interest never felt before; we regard them with an admiration heightened by an intense though respectful curiosity. Perhaps it is Billingsgate, who amassed a princely fortune in fish, and whom Jenkins celebrates as the purest, the noblest, the richest of men—the joy and pride of Our Best Society; perhaps it is Calomel, the colossal apothecary, who yearly spends in advertising alone what most men would regard as a competency, and who is a leader in Our Best Society; or it may be Mrs. Oldrake, whose husband before dying made enough in oil to enable her to forsake her Corinthian boarding-house and assume at once the very largest diamonds to be had for money, and her legitimate position at the head of Our Best Society. We inspect these eminent men and this virtuous woman with veneration, and we are amazed to discover in their apparel, in their language, in their manners, peculiarities which we have always been taught to regard as characteristic of a class of society very far from the

best, and not even good. We turn to Jenkins for an explanation; but that perfidious Mentor has deserted us in our extremity. And in his very next picture of Our Best Society we shall surely find Mr. Billingsgate and Mr. Calomel and Mrs. Oldrake, arrayed in the utmost splendor, radiant with diamonds and the sense of superiority, occupying the foremost places. So we begin to distrust Jenkins, and to doubt if he has found the Hesperides at all. Let us go look for them ourselves; the breeze invites us, and the laughing billows beckon. So said, so done; the anchor is weighed and off we go, steering straight between the pillars of Fashion into the open ocean of Society.

Long and doubtfully we cruise, and many islands we pass before we can decide to make a landing. But presently we come to a group fenced in by frowning reefs, whose green hills and pleasant pastures nevertheless invite us. We drop anchor, we go ashore, we present our credentials and make known the purport of our visit. *Io triumphe!* success greets us at the very threshold of our enterprise; for here we are informed is our real, original, only Best Society. Every inhabitant of the island has had a grandfather; every one has a Van to his name or an ancestor in the May Flower (which is, if you please, a sort of Puritan Argo, an indispensable starting-point for all First Families); every one has a *bona-fide* coat of arms engraved on battered but invaluable plate; every one has Blood. Blood is the true test of Our Best Society; all the rest is naught. So we settle down at once in the glad conviction that our labors are ended, our aim achieved, and that here our days may go by in eminent happiness and distinguished peace. But one day comes a friend, a sojourner like ourselves, whom we observe the islanders treat with great deference before his face and flout unmercifully behind his back, and whispers us that this is not Our Best Society at all; that, on the contrary, it is to be found in a neighboring island—his own, in fact—where live a set, he tells us, "our set," who could buy these fellows twice over. He kindly volunteers to take us there, and, reluctantly persuaded, we go to an island of most attractive aspect, brilliant with flowers of the gaudiest hue, glittering afar with golden spires and domes, and white with forests of the most prodigious mushrooms. Here, we are assured, Our Best Society really dwells; we are shown their jewels, their purple and fine linen, their houses and their lands. If these are not evidences of the Best Society, where are we to look for it? As for those fellows over the way, with their insufferable airs of gentility, their ridiculous crests and shain genealogies, we snap our fingers at them, we scorn them—we buy and sell them and their children. And yet they claim to be Our Best Society! Silenced by this specious logic, we tarry here and are happy till presently comes another who bids us doubt, asserting that only at his island, where they know more than the people of both the other islands put together, can the true Best Society be found. A little wearily we set sail again; we find his island bleak and uninviting, but we land. Everybody, we observe, wears blue stockings and glasses on penalty of being voted vulgar, and social distinction is determined by one's accuracy in knowing exactly what not to say and do in every emergency of life. Intellect, they tell us here, is the only certain mark of Our Best Society, and so we procure a Sanskrit grammar and for a brief space are satisfied. But as usual soon comes suspicion to unsettle our contentment. This Our Best Society, indeed—so runs the fatal whisper—why they can't dance, they can't dress, they can't walk or talk or move. They are clumsy, dowdy, and provincial; in a word, they have no style. On this next island is what you are in search of; let me introduce you to Our Very Best Society.

So we go straying from island to island, finding in each that contempt of all the others can be quite compatible with the intensest eagerness to be invited among them, that ill-breeding and vulgarity are only relative terms, and that the signs which prove our neighbor's social inferiority are quite as potent to indicate our own excellence. Perplexed and tired and disappointed, what wonder if at last we give up the search in sheer despair and return to the dull realities of working life, to fold our hands and discredit the tales of the laureate and say that his Happy Islands are a fiction and a myth? The old-time Hesperides have been pushed back behind the sunset; is the analogy so perfect that only there, too, we shall find Our Best Society?

LET US HAVE SPECIE.

THE closing aspiration of the letter of the newly-inaugurated President when accepting the nomination of the Chicago Convention flashed through the land and met with general assent, because it expressed tersely and forcibly the universal wish of the American people. Like an old proverb catching up and embodying in compact, portable form the sentiments or experience of a nation, the short sentence, "Let us have peace," now more famous than the very similar yet unlike Napoleonic announcement, *L'empire c'est paix*, epitomized the yearnings of the national heart. Peace—perfect confidence between all sections of the Union, perfect protection to all, black and white, implicit obedience to law, complete immunity from military rule or oppression in any and every form, and the removal of all vexatious restrictions, political or commercial—this is our first necessity. But contemporaneous with this "Let us have specie"—let us at the earliest possible moment resume, as the phrase runs, specie payments. This is fast becoming the popular watchword. From the rugged shores of New England and the sunny climes of the South, down the eastern slope of the

Rocky Mountains and across the vast prairies of the West, from the Northern lakes and the Atlantic seaboard, is concentrating at Washington, as in a focus, the national cry, "Let us have specie." The universality of this wish shows itself in the endless stream of letters, speeches, leading articles, and pamphlets, and the feverish excitement and agitation to which it has given birth. The immediate question of the hour is, How and when shall we return to a metallic currency?—a problem difficult, no doubt, but surely not incapable of solution.

In the multitude of counsellors, said the wise king, there is safety. Perhaps; but in our days it is certain there is much perplexity, and we are not about to add to the more than Cimmerian darkness which enshrouds all matters of finance by following the too common practice of multiplying words without knowledge. With the national desire we heartily sympathize. We, too, are for specie payments, though not necessarily, like our contemporary the *Tribune*, in favor of immediate resumption, be the consequences what they may. Not that we think the *Tribune* altogether wrong; by no means. A modern Cyclops, actuated by but a single idea, it does right to hammer away on immediate resumption just as Grant did for unconditional surrender; and therefore, acting up to its light, we praise it. The subtle and complicated network in which resumption is involved it fails to discover, and, therefore, to appreciate. Like a lumbering hippopotamus, it rushes blindly forward at the one object it dimly sees in advance, and lacks altogether that niceness of touch and delicacy of discrimination possessed by more gifted creatures. It reminds us rather of the battle-axe of the sturdy Crusader than the swift flashing scimitar of the agile graceful Saracen; of the dull plodding boor, with manners and language coarse and vulgar, than of the polished and refined gentleman. Yet, while lacking the smartness of the *World* and the brilliancy of the *Sun*, our contemporary is often pleasantly sententious; and candor compels us to admit that in this instance, as in some others, by instinct and good luck, perhaps, rather than by acuteness of perception, it rightly discerns the signs of the times and reflects with more or less faithfulness the rising popular sentiment—*Let us have specie*.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

II. CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE injustice to which parties or candidates are exposed from the undue weight of the smaller states in the elections is, in practice, much less serious than that which arises from the custom, now universal, of awarding the entire vote of each Electoral College to the party having the majority in its state,—of electing its members, that is, by a "general ticket" throughout the state. The evil is not simply that great majorities are deprived of any voice in the election,—which is inseparable from the system now in vogue for all our elections, local and national,—but that, by conferring upon these subordinate majorities the entire vote of their states, states having many Electoral Votes and carried by very close votes may so counterbalance lesser states giving great majorities, that in the country at large a small part of the popular vote may command the greater portion of the electoral. In General Grant's election there was much less of this injustice than is usually the case; and although the majority in the Electoral Colleges, as is inevitable, reflects a delusive notion of that in the popular vote, a full exemplification of these inequalities must be sought in other recent elections.* In 1852, for instance, Mr. Hale carried no state and so received no electoral votes, just as, in 1856, Mr. Fillmore had the votes of but one state; whereas their proportion of the popular vote entitled each of these gentlemen with his party to a representation in the Colleges which would have been at least not ridiculous. Mr. Bell, in 1860, with but half the popular vote, had more than three times the electoral vote of Mr. Douglas, who, again, had but one-fifteenth the electoral vote of Mr. Lincoln, whose popular vote exceeded his own by only a half. So Mr. Lincoln, in his second election, enjoyed in the Electoral Colleges

* In the last five Presidential elections, the popular and electoral votes,—together with a hypothetical vote obtained by the distribution of the electoral votes in proportion to the popular votes,—were as follows:

	Popular Vote.	Electoral Vote.	Electoral Vote proportionally divided.
SEVENTEENTH ELECTION, 1852.			
Pierce,	1,601,274	254	151
Scott,	1,386,580	42	130
Hale,	155,820	0	15
Total,	3,143,679	296	296
Majority,	1,571,840	147	147
EIGHTEENTH ELECTION, 1856.			
Buchanan,	1,838,169	174	134
Fremont,	1,341,264	114	98
Fillmore,	874,532	8	64
Total,	4,053,965	296	296
Majority,	2,026,983	149	149
NINETEENTH ELECTION, 1860.			
Lincoln,	1,857,610	180	121
Douglas,	1,291,574	12	84
Breckinridge,	850,082	72	55
Bell,	646,124	39	43
Total,	4,645,390	303	303
Majority,	2,322,666	152	152
TWENTIETH ELECTION, 1864.			
Lincoln,	2,213,665	212	128
McClellan,	1,802,237	21	105
Total,	4,015,902	233	233
Majority,	2,007,952	117	117
TWENTY-FIRST ELECTION, 1868.			
Grant,	3,021,400	216	156
Seymour,	2,716,606	81	141
Total,	5,738,006	297	297
Majority,	2,869,004	149	149

ten times General McClellan's vote, though he received from the people a vote not a quarter greater. Evidently, those who devised the mode of electing Presidents by means of Electoral Colleges no more intended that the entire College of a state should fall to the lot of the party having the majority, than that its entire Congressional delegation or legislature should be in like manner disposed of in a mass. In the earlier days such wholesale disposition was unheard of. In each of the first two elections, it is true, General Washington received the entire Electoral Vote of all the states; but their secondary votes were divided, in the first among 11, in the second among 4 candidates, while in the former the Electors of 6 out of 10 states, and in the latter of 2 out of 15, distributed their votes among these. The eighth election—for Mr. Monroe's first term—was the first in which no state divided its vote for President,—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware casting their entire Electoral Votes for Rufus King, while the sixteen other states voted solidly for Monroe. And on his re-election, for the ninth presidential term, although it was attempted to pay him the compliment of a unanimous Electoral Vote, as if to assert the independence of the Electors, New Hampshire cast 1 of her 8 votes for John Quincy Adams, and Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Mississippi each withheld one of the votes to which it was entitled. The thirteenth election—that in which Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Hugh L. White, Daniel Webster, and Willie P. Mangum were presidential candidates, the first being elected—afforded the first instance since Washington's candidature in which no state divided its vote either for President or for Vice-President; and even here—though a general connection is discernible between the vote for President and that for Vice-President, and for the first time those for the latter were all cast solid—the several anti-democratic states divided their votes among Granger and Tyler, without much regard to which of the five presidential candidates they had supported; and Virginia, which voted for Van Buren, by transferring her vote from his colleague, Richard M. Johnson, to a candidate of her own, reduced the electoral vote of the latter to one less than was requisite to a majority and necessitated his election by the Senate. But the measures of party morality and discipline to which the Jacksonian era gave life included the notable scheme for partisan aggrandizement whereby the victors gained the entire Electoral Vote of their state and the vanquished were divested of all recognition. Since that time a division in an Electoral College has been of rare occurrence, and has taken place only by the device known as "fusion,"—that is, the union of parties or branches of a party in states where, singly, they are outnumbered by the party against which they combine, by the terms of which the members of the coalition are entitled, in the event of success, to divide the Electoral Vote among themselves in a prearranged proportion. The most recent instance of this was in Mr. Lincoln's first election, when there was a fusion in New York and New Jersey of the parties of Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell, and in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island of the supporters of the two first against the Republicans. This arrangement, however, is only feasible when, of three or more parties, those which despair of success in their disintegrated condition are willing to suspend their independent existence for the sake of the destruction of the most obnoxious of their adversaries. Besides, it is very far from insuring that representation of the popular sentiment which an Electoral College, like a legislature or a congress, ought to afford,—among its fundamental objects, indeed, being the absolute suppression of the faction confessedly more numerous than any of its competitors.

Bearing in mind the nature of these two causes of divergence between the popular and the Electoral vote, a clearer impression of their actual operation may be obtained from the details of the returns of the last election than from any further verbal exposition.

	1.		2.		3.		4.		5.		6.		7.		8.	
	POPULAR VOTE.		MAJORITIES.		ELECTORAL VOTE As Cast.		AGGREGATE POPULAR VOTE.		NUMBER OF POPULAR VOTES to each ELECTORAL VOTE.		ELECTORAL VOTE.		Justly apportioned under present system.		Fairly divided under present apportionment.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	R	D			R	D	R	D	R	D	R	D
Alabama	76,366	72,086	4,280		8		148,452	18,556	6		4+	4-	3+	3-		
Arkansas	30,000	27,000	3,000		5		57,000	11,400	3		3+	2+	2+	1+		
California	54,592	54,078	514		5		108,670	21,734	3		3+	2+	2+	1+		
Connecticut	50,641	47,600	3,041		6		98,241	16,373	4		3+	3+	2+	2+		
Delaware	7,623	10,980					18,603	6,201	1		1+	2-		1-		
Florida																
Georgia	57,134	102,822	45,688		9		159,956	17,773	7		3+	6-	2+	4+		
Illinois	250,293	199,143	51,150		16		449,436	28,086	14		9+	7+	6+	5+		
Indiana	176,551	166,080	9,571		13		342,631	26,425	11		7+	6+	6+	5+		
Iowa	123,399	74,040	49,359		8		197,439	24,395	6		5+	3+	4+	2+		
Kansas	31,049	14,019	17,030		3		45,068	15,049	1		2+	1+	1+			
Kentucky	39,556	115,830	76,273		11		155,455	14,132	9		3+	8+	2+	7+		
Louisiana	33,263	80,225	46,962		8		113,488	14,186	6		3+	5+	2+	4+		
Maine	70,426	42,396	28,130		7		112,822	16,117	5		4+	3+	3+	2+		
Maryland	39,438	62,357	31,919		7		92,795	13,256	5		2+	5+	2+	3+		
Massachusetts	136,477	59,408	77,069		15		195,885	13,059	13		10+	5+	9+	4+		
Michigan	128,550	97,069	31,481		8		225,619	28,202	6		5+	3+	4+	2+		
Minnesota	43,542	28,072	15,470		4		71,614	17,993	3		3+	1+	1+	1+		
Missouri	83,000	63,000	20,000		11		146,000	13,773	9		6+	5+	5+	4+		
Nebraska	9,729	5,439	4,290		3		15,168	5,056	1		2+	1+	1+			
Nevada	10,000	8,600	1,400		3		18,600	6,200	1		2+	1+	1+			
New Hampshire	38,191	31,224	6,965		5		69,415	13,883	3		3+	2+	2+	1+		
New Jersey	80,121	83,001	2,880		7		163,122	23,303	5		3+	4+	2+	3+		
New York	419,883	429,883	10,000		33		849,766	25,751	31		16+	17+	15+	16+		
North Carolina	96,226	84,090	12,136		10		180,316	18,032	8		5+	5+	4+	4+		
Ohio	280,128	238,700	41,428		21		518,828	24,706	19		11+	10+	10+	9+		
Oregon	10,900	11,000	100		3		21,900	7,300	1		1+	2+	1+	1+		
Pennsylvania	342,280	313,352	28,928		26		655,632	25,218	24		14+	12+	13+	11+		
Rhode Island	12,993	6,548	6,445		4		19,541	4,885	2		3+	1+	1+			
South Carolina	62,301	45,237	17,064		6		107,538	17,023	4		3+	3+	2+	2+		
Tennessee	56,688	25,277	31,411		11		81,965	7,451	9		8+	3+	7+	2+		
Vermont	44,167	12,045	32,122		5		56,212	11,242	3		4+	1+	2+	1+		
West Virginia	20,025	20,306	8,719		5		40,331	9,866	3		3+	2+	2+	1+		
Wisconsin	108,857	84,710	24,147		8		193,567	24,196	6		5+	3+	4+	2+		
	3,021,400	2,716,606			210	81	5,738,006		166	65	159	138	125	106		
	2,716,606				81						of-18	of-15	of-18	of-15		
											of-15	of-18	of-15	of-18		
Rep. Majority,	304,704				135											

* The returns from these states are not official.
† Florida's electoral vote is determined by the vote of the legislature, not of the people. Her 3 votes (which were cast for the Republicans) have therefore not been included in this table.

The columns of figures numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 are explained by their titles. The 5th, for which the data are afforded by the two sets of figures preceding it, shows the number of voters in each of the states—in no two cases the same, and varying from 4,885 in Rhode Island to 28,202 in Michigan—to which one vote in the Electoral College is awarded. The last three tabulations exhibit as many hypothetical modes of approaching an exact reflection of the vote of the people in that of the Electoral Colleges. The 6th shows the vote of each of the colleges shorn of the two Senatorial votes, but awarded bodily to the party having the majority in accordance with the present custom. The 7th and 8th represent these Electoral Votes—the former with, the latter without, the Senatorial votes—divided among the candidates in the ratio of the popular votes in each state,—the plus and minus signs indicating merely to which side the fractions left in doubt in the apportionment most nearly incline, and so give the benefit of the variation from the precise proportion. General Grant's actual Electoral Vote, as the figures on page 150 have shown, varies less from that to which the popular voice entitled him than has often been the case in previous elections. Nevertheless, the variation is marked. The division of the vote of the Electors in the same proportion with that of the people would have given—Florida not counting—to General Grant 156, and to Mr. Seymour 141, whereas Grant in fact had 216, and his opponent but 81. Nor is this disproportion at all lessened by the mere deduction of the Senatorial votes, which would leave 166 votes to Grant, and 65 for Seymour, instead of 125 and 106. But by the proportionate division of the Electoral Votes of the several states the ratio between the votes of the two candidates approaches something resembling absolute accuracy—Grant receiving 159 votes to Seymour's 138, a result which the transfer of 3 votes from the majority to the minority would have made exactly the one sought: and, as to these 3 votes, it will appear from a comparison of the plus and minus signs in the table that there is a corresponding excess of the instances in which Grant received the benefit of the fractions remaining in the division of the votes of Electoral Colleges. This variation, though in the present instance but slight and not seriously affecting the result, serves to show the obstacles which the Electoral Colleges oppose to the free expression of the popular voice. In fact, if they were deprived of their two Senatorial members, their continued existence would be denuded of all significance—as, ever since their abdication of independence in voting, it has been of all utility. Except therefore, as boards of canvassers, authorized officially to declare the accuracy of votes, there seems to be no good reason why they should not be abolished as an insuperable obstruction to the true verdict of the nation.

Before another election it is to be hoped that the choice of the President will be made what it is popularly supposed to be—the people's choice,—and that it will be divested of a machinery which, apparently simple, if not equitable, really acts in a manner which it is impossible to forecast, and precludes nothing but a true perception of public sentiment—precisely that to which it is supposed to give expression. Even the most defensible element in the Colleges—the votes corresponding to the Congressional representation—can only approach accuracy once in ten years at the best, while toward the close of every decade there must always be exhibited the glaring contravention of facts which now invites scrutiny. For the Senatorial votes,—whatever may be said of the propriety of continuing to the smaller states this testimony in the upper house of Congress to their equality in the Union,—the objection to them is not merely that their interposition in what ought to be a popular act gives to the populations wronged through their instrumentality additional cause for that jealousy of the undue influence of the smaller states which has always continued at intervals to manifest itself. Our experience has been such as to warrant the apprehension that in the struggles of parties the time cannot fail to come when the two new votes to be gained by each dismemberment will afford to party leaders irresistible inducement to schemes of "gerrymandering," in which the ultimate interests of populations and of economical government would be subordinated to considerations of immediate political advantage. At present no party appears to be concerned to perpetuate a condition of things which yields advantages and injuries alike incalculable,—the advantages being invariably unjust, the injuries neither to be foreseen nor evaded. With time all this can scarcely fail to change, and what at present is likely to find no serious supporter may become a partisan engine of tendencies the efficacy of which just as much can be foretold as is to be surmised of its action in any given case—that its working justice is impossible, and its capacity for distortion infinite.

THE INAUGURATION—MARCH 4, 1869.

IO TRIUMPHÉ!

Lo! we crown the time's great captain,—set him foremost in the van;—
Hail the dawn of coming triumphs!—hail the hero!—hail THE MAN!
As amidst the whirl and fury of the bullets' deadly rain,
When he turned the tide of battle back in Vicksburg's red campaign,
Strong and steady, firm and earnest, calm and silent as a Fate,
Stands the nation's own anointed at the rudder of The State,
Far above the storms of faction bound in party's feeble bands,
Where the scheming politicians fan dissension's blackened brands,
He shall give a broader meaning to the solemn bounds of law,
Set among the shoals and breakers where the tides of being draw.
From the throats of many millions in a strident trumpet-call
Rolls the tide of acclamation till it shakes the marble wall;
From Atlantic's tumbling surges to the long Pacific swell,
Pass the people's solemn watchword to the world that—"All is well!"
Let it echo down the distance still to guide and guard us yet,
That our risen sun of freedom never falter, never set;—
Lo! it rifts the mists of morning from its risen splendor curled,
Soon to flash—a tide of glory—in the wonder of the world;
Down the fair and glowing future where the centuries uncloose
Ripe and ruddy, rich in perfume, like the petals of a rose.
O, for words to paint the future—grander voice to make it plain,
Nobler hymns of epic triumph, in a proud Homeric strain!

Vain the dreaming, vain the longing, for such mighty hymns belong
To a newer race of poets, and a golden age of song;
When the truth shall be the hero whom the laurelled poets sing,
And man's worth shall prove his title to the purple of a king;
For the age is rich in glories, and we pluck them one by one,
Like the golden fruits which ripen underneath a tropic sun.
Ever foremost in the struggle still we grasp these truths sublime,
And we set them—shining jewels—in the coronal of Time;
But I hear a thrilling echo to the cheers that shake the street,
Where the martial dead are moving in the graves beneath our feet,
Till methinks I hear them murmur from the rest they nobly won:
"From the silent graves we greet you!—Brothers, ye have bravely done!"
Far above us in the sunlight, with a bright unearthly hue,
Shine their torn and tattered banners in the pure ethereal blue;
And the march of many thousands through the distance faintly falls
From the spirits of the heroes marshalled in the heavenly halls.
Better that we mourn our comrades in the grave who mouldering lie,
Than that civic strife should triumph, dipped in treason's deadly dye;
Better that the sky was darkened by the clouds that hid the morn,
Than bequeath a starless banner to a people yet unborn;
Better that our comrades perished in the battle's ebb and flow,
Since they perished, fighting bravely, with their faces to the foe.
But to-day we hold our triumph. 'Tis a triumph more benign
Than the charging fiery squadron, or the battle's ordered line.
Ay! we hold a nobler duty than to wanton in success,
Reap we rather richer harvests, ripen fields of fruitfulness.
In the coming time our greatness kindles to a broader blaze,
And we see a gleam prophetic flush the herald of our days.
In the dark and dreamy distance glimmer deeds of high emprise,
Sturdy battles fought with science in the sight of wondering eyes;
In the student's lonely garret, by the solemn midnight lamp,
Lie the many marshalled forces of our mighty guarded camp;
There the sentries, pale and earnest, pacing on their nightly round,
Each to other pass the watchword o'er the consecrated ground,
Till the proud high-priests of knowledge catch the sound of ringing cheers,
Through the darkly clustered laurels of the dim and distant years.
Truth and honor, right and duty, shall protect the peoples then,
And the earth no more shall tremble 'neath the march of mailed men;
When the plough outweighs the cannon, rifled missiles, armored ships,
And the fiery planet Mars shall sink into a last eclipse
Where the fleecy clouds float softly o'er the cross-surmounted spire,
And the bonds of love and duty are the bounds of man's desire.
Ever onward!—ever onward!—till before our startled sight,
Mighty planets new to science lead the vanguard of the night;
Till the heights of faith and justice crowned with order and with law
Shine across the paths of millions filled with wonder and with awe.
Newer nations, newer empires—where in calm and silent seas
Truth's bright legions shall unfold our starry banner to the breeze,
Long shall bless the holy freedom which has lit the glowing age,
And revealed for them the promise of a happy heritage.
See, our day-star climbs the heavens!—upward, upward, ever higher,
Red'ning all our mighty mountains with a sudden burst of fire;
While a wild unearthly music through the ether floats afar
From the Pleiads high in heaven who have found their sister-star.
Queen of Empires!—mighty mother!—nurse of nations yet unborn,
In the far mysterious East I see the rosy tints of morn,
Whence the widening wastes of ocean bear its trophies to thy feet,
And a crowd of eager envoys press around thy regal seat.
Raise the mighty cry of "Progress!"—louder, louder, let it be!
Till the iron roads of commerce link the cities of the sea.*
These thy trophies, O Columbia!—claim the treasures, they are thine!
Where thou rulest by the rivers, flushed with triumph as with wine,
Clad in regal robes of power, crowned with hope, I see her stand
In a dream of heavenly brightness, with a palm-branch in her hand.
Rich in Spring-time's early promise stands the matron passing fair,
In her morning's bright aurora, with a jewel in her hair!
In the calm deep blue above us, with her snowy wings outspread,
Floats the dove of peace serenely, with God's halo round her head;—
Lo! the blessed Christ hath risen,—free the captives!—burst the bands!
Kneel my brothers, pale and patient, take the blessing from His hands!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDWARD RENAUD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

J. G. HARDING AND THE EDITOR OF THE COSMOPOLITAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: My attention has recently been called to an infamously libellous communication published in your columns a few weeks ago, over the signature of J. G. Harding, better known on this side the water as the poet "Omega Harding." The statements put forth by him are as false as they are calumnious. The only proper answer for so gross a libel is a court of justice or a "cowhide." As Harding has not only charged me, in effect, of being an impostor, but has had the ineffable meanness to drag a lady's name before the public, I am advised by my friends to spare a "cowhide" the disgrace of chastising him; and by my solicitors that criminal proceedings are the fittest alternative. In that event, if Harding should deny his authorship of the article, or compel me to produce legal proof of the fact, I shall call on you for the original manuscript. I will only add that I have in my possession letters from the distinguished personages who he says "do not know me," to prove the utter falsity of his statements. I will state in vindication of my social and literary position in England that I have been twice elected an honorary member of the Reform Club, and that, previously to starting

* New York and San Francisco.

the *Cosmopolitan*, *Fraser's Magazine* was my regular medium of communication with the public. If I should give you the names of "the one or two Americans," to whom Harding alludes as authority for his malicious falsehoods, my friends in America would readily appreciate the baseness of the coin to which the *Round Table* ("for what private grief, alas! I know not") has given circulation. Although the ocean rolls between us, there yet exists an electric chain of universal sympathy among the great fraternity of the Press; and I regard an act of personal injustice to one as an insult to be felt and resented by all. Harding, with a *Wife's Reminiscences*, and his *Hell's Metropolis*, has threatened to "kill the *Cosmopolitan*." The means and the malice to persecute are not always united with the courage and the strength to kill. Regretting that you should ever have treated the guests of your usually excellent *Table* to this "dirty dish" of Omega Harding's own cooking, whose object was simply to poison Americans against one of their absent countrymen, and that you have allowed yourself to be used as the medium of great injury and injustice toward one of your own fraternity, who is not conscious of ever having done you any wrong, I remain, as friendly as possible under the circumstances,

H. FULLER, EDITOR OF THE *Cosmopolitan*.

GRAND HOTEL, Paris, January 8, 1869.

[We beg to state, in connection with the above singular communication, that on the 14th of November last there appeared in the *Round Table* some words of commiseration for Mr. Fuller, who, being an American and a journalist, was confined in a debtor's prison in London. At about the same time various accounts were published at home and abroad the tendency of which was to show that Mr. Fuller had been very harshly treated by the detaining creditor and assignee, Mr. J. G. Harding. Under date of November 25 the latter gentleman wrote to us offering his explanation of the case, denying some allegations and correcting others. To this letter we gave place in our issue of December 19. We think it proper to add in conclusion that we have no personal interest in, or prejudice for or against, either party to this dispute, both of whom are entirely unknown to us; but were actuated on the first occasion referred to solely by pity for Mr. Fuller, who was placed in an unfortunate position, and on the second occasion solely by the desire to do justice to Mr. Harding, a stranger, who appealed for it.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

STAND-POINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I wish to thank your correspondent "Θ A" for informing me that "standing" when prefixed to "point" is a noun. I have always supposed that it is, primarily, a participle; that when prefixed to a noun it serves the purpose of an adjective and may be called a participial adjective—or, if your correspondent prefers—simply an adjective; and that when it is preceded by an article, as also sometimes when preceded by an adjective or a preposition, it is a noun.

It is true, as he says, that the *dancing* of "dancing-girl" is an adjective but it is not true that the *stumbling* of "stumbling-block" is a noun; and the facts that the girl dances and the block does not stumble have nothing to do with the distinction that he claims to establish between the two cases.

Moreover, it is nothing to his purpose that *stand* in German is a noun, a fact which he gratuitously assumes to teach me; and I maintain that *stand-point* is the same sort of English as *start-point* and *turn-point*; and that your correspondent, with all his verbiage, has said and shown nothing to the contrary. J. B.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

BEYOND mere routine business, the presentation of reports and bills from various committees and rambling discussions on minor topics devoid of all general interest, the Senate has exhibited few signs of legislative activity. The Copper Tariff bill was returned over the President's veto, 38 to 12; several important amendments made to the Army Appropriation bill; manufacturers of certain kinds of machinery exempted from revenue tax, and the Constitutional Amendment on the suffrage passed. In the House the Copper Tariff bill was also passed over the veto, by one vote over the necessary two-thirds. The Legislative Appropriation bill has been discussed at length, various important amendments adopted, and that giving additional pay to civil employees of the government defeated. The joint committee's report on the suffrage amendment was adopted by a large majority. The contested election cases of Messrs. Hunt and Menard were the subject of a long discussion; both were refused seats. Menard was allowed to speak for himself, and is the first colored person who ever addressed either House of Congress. The most important bill passing the House during the week was that to strengthen public credit and legalize gold contracts, which was carried by 119 to 61.

Adam Butcher, a farmer near Bloomington, Ill., shot himself on the 25th ult. Incestuous intercourse with his daughter, a girl of 18, is supposed to have had something to do with the act.—Virgil S. Krepps, a New York telegrapher, attempted on the 24th of February to shoot Miss Carrie King, an employee in a Brooklyn store, with whom he professed to be deeply enamored. The ball only struck the uplifted hand of the young lady, inflicting a slight flesh-wound; Miss King was formerly engaged to be married to Krepps, but his reckless and ungentlemanly behavior had compelled her to discard him.—In Westfield, Conn., on the 24th ult., three cigar-makers were set upon and beaten in a barber's shop. Officer Tyler came to the rescue, summoned the assailants to surrender, and ultimately killed one of them who was insolent and tried to run away. The coroner's jury found the shooting was justifiable.—Chas. Elrick and August Schwegler quarrelled in a saloon at Hamilton, Ohio, Feb. 21, when the former shot the latter, killing him instantly.—At the American Theatre, Pittsburg, a man named Robinson shot the manager, on the 21st ult., for ejecting him from the building.—Near Raleigh Springs, Feb. 19, Colonel T. Dickens, with two men, Wilson and Humphreys, were attacked by a gang of robbers while at supper. Wilson and a colored woman were killed, and Dickens and Humphreys badly wounded. The

house was plundered of everything valuable.—At Ballville, Orange County, N.Y., Feb. 20, James McWilliams, a farmer, hanged himself in his wagon-house.—In Louisville a negro nurse girl, chastised by her mistress, killed her charge, a little boy of two years, by making him drink lye.

An elderly man dropped down dead before the City Hotel, Chicago, on the 24th ult. From papers and letters found upon him it seems he was a Mr. Peter Sinclair, of Scotland, formerly agent and secretary of the Union and Emancipation Society, 51 Piccadilly, Manchester. He must have undergone great destitution and misery, as his body was reduced to a mere skeleton, and alive with vermin. He was poorly clad, and had no money. At one time he had evidently been a man of some influence and position.

Edward Atkinson, of Boston, read a paper on the high price of food before the Social Science Association on the 25th ult. He claimed that usury, or bounty, or protective laws do not benefit the masses, but impede the prosperity of any nation, and advocated free trade with every country. In the after discussion it was stated that English laborers were better off than their American brethren, owing to the low tariff levied by the British government.

The suit of Charles Reade, the English novelist, *vs.* Messrs. Sweetser and Gardner, for alleged libels, contained in the *Round Table* in the first part of 1866, came up in the Supreme Court on Friday, Feb. 26, ult., and is still on at the time we go to press. The case is exciting great interest, the court being densely crowded each day. A full report of the proceedings will appear in the *Round Table* next week. The plaintiff is represented by Messrs. Booth, Gallatin, and Elbridge T. Gerry, and the defendants by Messrs. Dimock and Whitney, and Robert Sewell.

An imaginative writer in the *Gallipolis* (Ohio) *Bulletin* describes an encounter between a gentleman and his daughter and a wild man of the woods, perfectly nude, covered with hair, very tall, and with eyes starting from their sockets. The struggle, we are told, was long and fearful, "rolling and wallowing in the deep mud, half suffocated sometimes beneath his adversary, whose burning and maniac eyes glared into his own with murderous and savage intensity." It was finally ended by the daughter hurling a rock at the monster's head.

The return game of billiards between Foley, of Chicago, and Frawley, of Cleveland, was won by the former by 299 points. The third and deciding game between Dion, of Montreal, and Foster, of New York, is expected to come off the latter part of this month. The new championship cue, the trophy of the victor, is 24 inches long, and composed wholly of gold, ivory, mother of pearl, and precious stones.

The Park Savings Bank, Brooklyn, was broken into on the 27th ult., and bonds and greenbacks stolen to the amount of \$45,200. The robbery was effected in the middle of the day, and the thief abstracted the bonds from the unlocked safe while the cashier was standing by. All that he made by the bold stroke, however, was about \$120, as the bulk of the missing property was in unnegotiable bonds.

The West has been visited by a heavy snow-storm. At Omaha the river has again been closed, with the mercury at zero. Trains on the Union Pacific Railroad west of Laramie have been delayed for three weeks, and west of Cheyenne the temperature is as low as 15 degrees below zero. The storm prevailed over nearly the whole of the northern half of the Union, and was unusually heavy in Canada.

Recent weather on the Atlantic has been one series of gales, storms, and tempests of more than ordinary severity. European steamers arriving here report nothing but strong head winds, reaching, at times, to perfect hurricanes, all the way across, causing delays and much destruction of property and life.

The contest between Swift, of New York, and Gooderich, of Chicago, for the skating championship of America and a diamond medal, took place at Buffalo on the 27th ult., but in consequence of the failure of the judges to agree was void. It was skated over again on the 1st inst., when Swift was declared the winner.

A Mrs. Green died in child-birth, in Jersey City, on the 21st ult., and the next day was placed in a coffin. Her husband then locked the apartments and decamped. He was an engineer of dissipated habits, and is supposed to have become insane.

Four hundred Chinese women arrived at San Francisco on the 23d ult. Some of the Chinese are arming to take possession of them, and a riot is expected. Two large incendiary fires have occurred at San Jose. Despatches from White Pine report very cold weather. The mines are exceedingly rich, and a large emigration thither is certain in the spring.

Several years ago, says the *Pittsburg Republic*, a beautiful young lady residing near Alleghany died, and was interred in a neighboring cemetery. A few weeks back the corpse was exhumed, when it was discovered that she had been buried alive. Her body was turned in the coffin, the clothing torn in shreds, and her hair pulled up by handfuls. The mother, who had idolized her daughter, was so affected that she is now a raving maniac.

A man named Stuart was driving along the east slope of the Catskill Mountains on the 21st ult., when his horse shied, and sleigh and driver were thrown upon the rocks sixty feet below.

A large fire occurred at Sandwich, Mass., on Feb. 20; damage \$30,000.—On the 24th ult. a destructive fire in Chicago, originating in spontaneous combustion in a varnish-room, devoured property worth \$40,000.—A liquor store in Alton, Ill., worth \$30,000, was burnt down on the 23d.

A robber's cave, under a refreshment saloon, was discovered by the police at Jamaica, L. I., on the 21st ult. It was well filled with stolen articles, the proceeds of robberies for several months past in that vicinity. The mouth of the cave was carefully covered with brushwood.

Several trifling engagements are reported between Sheridan's men and the Indians.

In Alton, Ill., John Devline was fatally shot by a woman named Welch, on the 22d ult., while attempting to violate her.

A train was precipitated into the Hackensack River, near Newark, N. J., Feb. 26, the drawbridge having been carelessly left open. No lives lost.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE difference in Cuba between the Captain-General and the volunteers is at an end. A vigorous campaign against the rebels, on the accession of reinforce-

ments from Spain, has been decided upon. Several engagements have occurred near Trinidad, with varying results. The naval expedition to La Guanaja was completely successful; the fortifications were bombarded, and the works stormed; many rebel prisoners have been brought into Havana. Cienfuegos and neighboring towns are threatened by large bodies of insurgents; orders have been given to the troops to shoot all rebels in arms on the field; Spain is reported as incensed, and determined to crush the rebellion at all hazards. The emigration from Cuba is still undiminished; the country people are everywhere flocking to the cities.

The provisional government of Spain has resigned; Marshal Serrano has full power for the time being, and authority to form a new ministry; the retiring government received the thanks of the House. Gen. Serrano's speech on the occasion was temperate and tranquilizing, urging conciliation upon the minority, and pledging himself to be loyal, patriotic, and self-sacrificing. A radical representative is expected to have a seat in the new cabinet, which will follow the policy adopted by its predecessor; expenditures will be reduced, and liberal reforms set on foot. An attempt at insurrection was made in Barcelona, but promptly suppressed.

M. Rouher, Minister of State, has acknowledged in the Corps Législatif that the expenses of the improvements in Paris were not raised in strict conformity to law—an avowal which was satisfactorily received by the Chamber. M. Troplong, President of the French Senate, died on the 28th ult. Alphonse De Lamartine, the great French poet and historian, died in Paris, March 1, in his 79th year. He was the son of a cavalry officer, and was born at Mâcon, 1790. Prat was the family name, but Lamartine he adopted after his maternal uncle, who left him a considerable legacy. He was a prolific and brilliant writer, and took an active part in politics until the *coup d'état* of 1851, when he retired into private life.

The English Ministry have announced that till the negotiations for a settlement between the Hudson Bay Company and the Dominion of Canada are closed they will not make any statements concerning a trans-continental telegraph through the territories of the company. Mr. Bright urges the importance and necessity of an ocean penny postage. Further successes of the British troops are reported from New Zealand. The Maori stronghold, Nayatapha, obstinately defended, had been carried by assault. Reprisals have been made upon the natives for outrages committed in Poverty Bay. The Cobden Club gold medal has been awarded to Dr. Joshua Leavitt, of New York. A bill to abolish university tests was introduced by the Solicitor-General on Feb. 23.

Hostilities between Turkey and Persia have been temporarily suspended. The Porte has issued a circular thanking the Great Powers for their friendly offices in the late difficulties with Greece.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the *ROUND TABLE* must be sent to this office.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.*

CRITICISM is an ungracious office at best—never so irksome as when its inexorable shadow robs us of half our delight in a volume like this. To open it is as if one were suddenly introduced into a company of long-absent but unforgotten friends, whose proffered embraces it would scarcely be more disloyal to repulse until one had coolly and carefully noted Time's ravages on each beloved face than to attempt to analyze and label the merits and defects of these familiar verses. All dear, dim memories of youth and vanished gladness seem to plead for them; a faint fragrance of old impressions that is like the perfume of faded violets salutes us as rather in recollection than perusal we turn the leaves; something of the freshness and beauty of that joyous time when first we read them seems to cling to each well-known line and hallow it from too rude treatment. So, reading, we are young again, and into our judgment there slips, despite ourselves, somewhat of the enthusiasm and generosity of youth. Not that Professor Lowell craves any such indulgence, or that he need shrink from the ordeal of a severer criticism. But the pleasure we feel in thus, as it were, renewing our youth over his magical pages, in living over in them

"... the gracious past,
The generous past when all was possible,
For all was yet untried,"

is a pleasure wherein too much of gratitude mingles to make us greatly care to mar it by any paltry balancing of blemishes and beauties. Mr. Lowell can show both in greater profusion than almost any other American writer, and naturally enough if that indolence which we have heard attributed to him at all keeps pace with his genius; and it would be easy enough to pick holes in the dazzling veil of illusive excellence wherewith memory is fain to invest his earlier pieces. In a collection which goes back for its materials through twenty years it would be not only strange but discreditable if the efforts of comparative youth did not lose by contrast with the productions of mature and mellow manhood. Set side by side with the *Commemoration Ode*, there is no poem in the volume which does not suffer; but there are few poems by any other American which would not suffer as well, and not many of its kind in the entire range of English literature which could safely risk comparison. And for our own part we prefer to say not that Mr. Lowell's earliest poems are worse than his latest, but that these are his best. Heartily as we admire him, we can think of no higher praise than this; none assuredly which his own judgment would more approve.

The poems in the present volume, to which the charming idyl on June has been rechristened to lend a title, have all, with two exceptions, been published before, and cover from first to last nearly a quarter of a century. This is not much to show for the work of twenty-five years, but as the author explains in his brief introductory note the present collection does not include all his poems produced during that period. "A few pieces, more strictly comic, have been omitted, as out of keeping; and *Fitz Adam's Story*, which some good friends will miss [and which as published in the *Atlantic Monthly* we remember for one of the best narrative poems we have ever read], is also left to stand over, because it belongs to a connected series which, it is hoped, may be completed if the days should prove pro-

* *Under the Willows, and other Poems.* By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

pitious." With these exceptions the admirer of Professor Lowell's muse will find all of his favorites, from the delicious rhythm of *The Fountain of Youth* and the simple beauty of *Auf Wiedersehen* to the stately periods of the *Commemoration Ode*. And he will be able to trace with more certainty and clearness than ever before the gradual development and growth of the genius which has culminated in that fine—to us, as we have said, his finest—production. *Sir Launfal* is a delightful tale of chivalry, full of graceful fancies and striking imagery; but nothing in *Sir Launfal*, to our mind, equals the meditative beauty, the pathos and grand conception, of the *Commemoration Ode*. Mr. Lowell is never so much himself as when he is most self-conscious; he resembles Browning (whom, however, he is far from imitating) in the subtle introduction of his own mental individuality as a sort of shadowy chorus, scarcely seen but always somehow felt under the current of his story. Like him he seems to stand aside, a little out of the rush and roar of life, and muse on the pageant of the world. But there is nothing of the cynic or the hermit in his isolation; it is simply the sightseer's withdrawal to some coign of vantage whence he may better view the unending procession of things. Contemplation has not made him selfish or cold; he is evidently full of all kindly human sympathies, and his verse throbs everywhere with a keen vitality, a healthy and abounding sense of the mere joy of being, which secures it against that semblance of remoteness whereby intellectual as opposed to imaginative poetry often loses half our admiration in losing all our fellowship. The muse that dwells always, like Wordsworth's, in the region of perpetual snow may be certain of few, however fervent, worshippers; for most of us the heavenly maid must often stoop from her eyried coldness, if she would lure and lead us to her native heights. In his most reflective moods Mr. Lowell is always warm-blooded, sympathetic, near; and it is this heartiness, this thorough humanity, not less than a certain vigorous virility of style, which constitutes to us the chief charm of his poetry, and is nowhere more prominent than in the *Commemoration Ode*. We shall not attempt to quote it; our space will not permit us to give it entire, and to do less would be to do injustice to its columnar roundness and symmetry. And those of our readers who have not already read and re-read it should hasten to get the book, which, after all, is its own best recommendation.

In ending this brief and hasty notice of a volume whose perusal has given us unusual pleasure we are sensible how very insufficiently we have expressed our conviction of its merits. But this is not the time, nor is there in this book sufficient material for an exhaustive analysis and judgment of Mr. Lowell's claims. Some other day we have it in mind to attempt an estimate of that many-sided and versatile genius; till then we must defer any more extended examination of the poems here collected. But since we have dwelt so much on the intellectual character of much of Professor Lowell's poetry, it is only fair to show how well he can write when he trusts only to his heart. And we cannot do it better than by closing with the little poem entitled *The First Snow-fall*, a poem which we are not sure but we like best of all, and one which, if only for its last exquisite stanza, every mother should learn to love:

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Were ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

PLANCHETTE.*

MOST persons have doubtless seen and experimented with the little heart-shaped piece of walnut, or mahogany, mounted on casters, and known as Planchette, which during the past year so persistently occupied the foreground in the windows of our bookstores, and appeared and reappeared in sensational attire in the columns of the newspapers. And few have witnessed the phenomena produced thereby without, after the first phase of astonished incredulity was over, forming some theory respecting its *modus operandi*. By a large class its meanderings have been set down to electricity, animal magnetism, the "od" force, or some occult power of mind over matter not yet understood. By others its gyrations have been attributed to unconscious pressure of the hands directed by the will of the parties operating it, while by perhaps the majority of people its vain attempts to cross the *pons asinorum* have been regarded as a delusion and a snare, or charitably pointed at as irrefragable evidence of Satanic agency. To none of these parties does the author of the present volume belong. He has no hesitation in ascribing the phenomena to the influence of disembodied ghosts, and classing them as part of the complex whole known as spiritualism. Which of the many theories afloat on the perplexing subject is the correct one, it is not our purpose or province to decide, nor indeed, with the imperfect data before us, are we at all in a position to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem. The most we can do at this stage is to record the facts so positively testified to by a host of people, and wait till further developments and observation have provided us with material upon which to uprear a solid superstructure—another stately pillar, perchance, in the temple of knowledge. The too common practice of pooh-poohing the whole affair, or hampering its manifestations with conditions ridiculously inapplicable, cannot be too strongly reprobated. What we need is a thorough examination into every natural

or supernatural, physical or psychical occurrence happening around us; a vigorous following up of any of the loose threads of the mystic woof that divides the present from the future, the seen from the unseen. This is the only plan by which we can add knowledge to knowledge, and nothing short of this should satisfy us. All the facts should be carefully observed and accumulated, and afterwards submitted to a rigorous inductive analysis. If it be objected, as has been done, that the present witnesses are incompetent, then let those qualified by scientific experience and training make a thorough examination, unbiassed by any pet theories, and the world, we will venture to say, will be quite content with their judgment. Hitherto our learned positivists have approached the subject not with the meekness of earnest inquirers after truth, but as prejudiced judges pledged to theories which would at once be shattered if spiritualism were proved to be true, and consequently insisting upon conditions which necessarily lead to failure. What should we now think of the savan who would declare photography a delusion unless all the processes were performed in the full blaze of noonday, or stigmatize the Atlantic cable as an imposition if it would not work with the wires uninsulated? Yet this has been the course pursued by our scientists, as a class, touching the phenomena of spiritualism, so called. Not that we by any means believe in the new faith or rank it higher than we do many another *ism*. All that we have seen or heard, through planchette or otherwise, has failed to convince us that the phenomena are produced by other than mundane causes; but we hold that the whole subject deserves thorough investigation, and believe that if this were done our information on mental and psychological questions would be considerably enlarged.

The caption of this book, as the full title shows, gives no fair criterion of the contents of the volume, but serves merely as a convenient peg upon which to hang a tolerably full and comprehensive review of the history of spiritualism from the first manifestations of the Fox family in December, 1847, to the present time. The record of the doings of naughty Planchette, and the theories concerning it, are necessarily brief; but the author will perhaps astonish many by showing that after all the "Little Wonder" is but a modification of an old Chinese practice. For ourselves, we regard this as a mere matter of course. We agree with the wise king, that there is nothing new under the sun; that whatever is, has been and will be; and we should not at all be surprised if a model of a locomotive were one day exhumed from an Egyptian pyramid, or the telegraph found to have been in active operation for thousands of years in the interior of China. According to our author, Dr. Macgowan thus describes in the *North China Herald* this oriental pastime:

"The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder; and two mediums sit down at opposite sides, with their hands on the table. A hemispherical basket, eight inches in diameter, is now reversed and laid down, with its edges resting on the tips of one or two fingers of the two mediums. This basket is to act as penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost meanwhile has been duly invoked and the spectators stand around waiting the result. This is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences which are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare."

Dr. Macgowan adds that in Ningpo, in 1843, there was scarcely a house in which this mode of getting messages from the spirits was not practised. We have no intention, however, of following the author in his terse but graphic account of the Salem phenomena, the vivid sketches of the mediumistic experiences of Mrs. Cushman, Jennie Lord, Laura V. Ellis, Chas. H. Read, Foster, Home, and the Davenport Brothers, or his abstruse speculations respecting mesmerism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, apparitions, spirit flowers, drawings, music, voices, hands, etc.; suffice it that as a simple record of facts—or, at least, of events that probably are as well authenticated as half of what passes for history—the book is intensely interesting, and furnishes a new illustration of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

What is known as the "fire-test" forms, probably, one of the most singular chapters in a very singular book, and, as this peculiar phase is reported to be attracting unusual attention just now in London, we append a description by a witness, said to be perfectly trustworthy, of occurrences seen through Mr. Home last March. We may add that some of the incidents related very closely resemble those seen in our iron-works, where the workmen often plunge their hands into the molten mass and perform other equally hazardous feats with impunity:

"The evening on which the phenomena I am about to relate occurred had been full of interest, several remarkable manifestations having taken place, such as the absorption of water by an unseen agency, and the retention of water in an open-necked bottle, though the same was inverted and violently moved and swung about. Mr. Home, who was all the time in a deep trance, now poured several drops of water upon his fingers points; and I noticed a slight jet of steam rise hissing from the ends of his fingers, and accompanied by flames of electric light, or odic, of a violet-blue color, half an inch to an inch in length. Still continuing in a trance, Mr. Home now approached the fire and, kneeling down in front of the hearth, . . . took hold of the burning back of coal with his hands, deliberately broke it asunder, and taking a large lump of incandescent coal into the palm of his hand (the size of an orange) Mr. Home arose and walked up to Mrs. —, whose alarm at what she was witnessing had quite unbalanced her. I examined his hand and wrist; the heat was so intense that it struck through the back of his hand, all but scorching his wristband. . . . I closely examined it, and by the light of the glowing coal could trace every line in the palm of his hand. The skin was not, as will be surmised, covered by a glove, or steeped in a solution of alum; it was as clean as soap and water could make it. Mr. Home then explained that spiritual beings had the power of extracting heat, and to prove this said, 'We will cool it now—draw out the heat.' My doubts were by this time thoroughly aroused; I closely watched the process. On laying hold of the coal, which had become black, I found it to be comparatively cooled; and taking it from his hand I examined it carefully, as also the skin of his hand. At his request I returned the coal into the palm of his hand; almost instantaneously the heat returned. . . . On applying my hand to the coal I burnt myself, and took conviction at the cost of a slight injury. . . . Desirous of making certain of the fact of an unprotected surface of the hand of the medium being 'fire-proof,' I took Mr. Home's hand, rubbed it, moistened it; not a trace of any foreign matter, and strange enough no smell of smoke, or the burnt smell of fire observable. . . . On another evening Mr. Home knelt down before the hearth, deliberately arranged the bed of burning coals with his hands, then, to our horror and amazement, placed his face in the flames, which appeared to form a bed upon which his face rested. I narrowly watched the phenomena and could see the flames touch his hair. On withdrawing his face from the flames I at once examined his hair; not a fibre burnt or scorched—unsathed he came out of the fire-test a true medium."

All this is strange, if true. Equally wonderful though, if less startling, are several other forms of these modern manifestations, among which that purporting to be photographs of deceased persons by a New York artist is now exciting curiosity. This however is not, as many suppose, at all novel. We recollect that several years ago these so-called spiritual photographs evoked a hot controversy in the press; and on turning to the topic in *Planchette* we found that it was in the autumn of 1862, that the medium was a Mr. Mumler, a Boston photographer and in fact the same person who is now, in his studio on Broadway, astonishing New York. What influence these phenomena may have upon the present forms of religious belief we have not space to speculate upon; our own opinions, however, are very fairly expressed by a recent remark of Brigham Young concerning

*Planchette; or, the Despair of Science. Being a full Account of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena, and the various Theories regarding it; with a Survey of French Spiritualism. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

the effect of the passage of the iron highway through his dominion, that it must be a "d—d poor religion, indeed, that couldn't stand one railroad." But for the credulity and delusion that now exist, for the many weak-minded persons sent to lunatic asylums, and for other evils that have certainly resulted from modern spiritualism no one is more responsible than the leading savans and philosophers of the day. Had they laid down their self-pride and intolerant narrow-mindedness and approached the manifestations with the true humility of earnest inquiry, the lank, long-haired, cadaverous individuals who fatten on the ignorance of the public would long ago have been banished, and the mystery that now enshrouds the whole subject in all probability dissipated.

LIBRARY TABLE.

DEEP DOWN: A Tale of the Cornish Mines. By R. M. Ballantyne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—This little book is filled with scenes of intense and almost painful interest, coupled with much profitable information. Although the narrative is not, strictly speaking, true as a whole, it contains incidents founded on facts collected during his travels by a man of intelligence and cultivation, duly qualified to take advantage of his opportunities for observation. He describes with apparent fairness the customs and peculiarities of a people inhabiting regions seldom traversed by tourists; and he makes such use of the knowledge he is thus enabled to gain of their character and the nature of their occupations as, with the aid of some dramatic skill in the disposition of his scenes, to afford a life-like portraiture of society among the Cornishmen. In his personal sketches Mr. Ballantyne is extremely felicitous, and likewise very happy in his anecdotes. In dealing with plain things and common men he makes trifling matters assume considerable interest, while some of his sketches are worthy of high praise. A firm religious sentiment is observable throughout the book; an honest view of life and duty, and a strong feeling for the higher interests of humanity, tinctured, however, with a benevolent sympathy for smugglers. In his description of the mines in the neighborhood of St. Just, and of the manner of working them, the author gives some curious and instructive information; while his narrative of the desperate adventures of some of the men in their struggle for wealth—sometimes for life—supplies evidence of their almost unparalleled daring and perseverance. "England," says Mr. Ballantyne, "does not fully appreciate, because she is not minutely acquainted with, the endurance and courage of her Cornish miners." The character of the Cornish miner is but little known beyond his own district; he is what may be called a "well-to-do" laborer, his work requiring considerable exercise of mind and ingenuity, for which his gain is great in proportion as his skill and judgment prove to be good. He works in a region of his own, down in the dark recesses of the earth, sometimes many fathoms below the bed of the ocean, and the excitement and danger of his labor invest it with a degree of romance which renders the peril attractive. Then, at certain seasons the pilchard-fishing, at which the women and children are called to assist, proves highly remunerative, and when business is not very brisk a little quiet smuggling serves as a pastime for the unemployed and restless spirits who need variety. All these matters Mr. Ballantyne describes in a pleasant manner, while a little love-making and a very jolly little baby give life to the story. A pardonable digression is made to afford an interesting and graphic account of the descent of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the "Boscawen" shaft, many fathoms in depth, with adits or tunnels extending far under the ocean's bed. The book is adorned with many very fair illustrations.

Arne: A Sketch of Norwegian Life. By Björnson. Cambridge: Sever, Francis & Co.—A delightful little story of country life, character, and manners, in the mountainous country of Norway. The author is the son of a clergyman and was born in 1832 at Kvikne, a lonely parish on the Dovre Fjeld. He writes with singular charm and freshness. The songs interspersed through the story are remarkably good. We quote a specimen; not the best, but one of the shortest:

"O, my pet lamb, lift your head,
Though a stony path you tread,
Over all the lonely fells,
Only follow still your bells.
O, my pet lamb, walk with care:
Lest you spoil your wool, beware:
Mother now must soon be sewing
New lamb-skins, for summer's going,
O, my pet lamb, try to grow
Fat and fine where'er you go,
Know you not, my little sweeting,
A spring lamb is daintily eating?"

John Smith's Funny Adventures on a Crutch; or, the Remarkable Peregrinations of a One-Legged Soldier after the War. By A. F. Hill, Author of *Our Boys, or Adventures in the Army; The White Rocks, or the Robbers of the Monongahela, etc., etc.* With Illustrations. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. 1869.—"To the memory of Artemus Ward, whom the world owes for a thousand happy smiles, this work is fraternally dedicated by the author." *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a maxim which men have too long adopted and endorsed to permit so flagrant and apparently unprovoked a violation as Mr. Hill here indulges in. What poor Artemus ever did to him we don't know, but we doubt if he could have done anything to justify the insult here put upon his memory. Is it necessary to add that Mr. Hill's book is trash of the simplest and most primitive description, or that the fun is supplied by ungrammatical vulgarity?

Our Charley, and What to do with Him. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—When David Copperfield ran away, dirty and ragged, to his Aunt Betsey Trotwood, "the most wonderful woman in the world," she was sorely puzzled how to dispose of him. On referring the question to the venerable but half-witted philosopher, Mr. Dick, the sage tersely replied, "Wash him." Similarly had we been asked our advice as to what was to be done with Charley, the answer would have been equally brief, "Spank him." Mrs. Stowe, however, and she fancies she knows how to manage the youngsters—she would scarcely belong to the Beechers if she did not feel herself fully competent for any undertaking either in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the water under the earth—thinks differently, and she disciplines Charley with a series of stories, all very pretty in their way, but marred by an unpardonable fault—the *moral* at the end. If children are to be preached to, preach away; if they must have

fairly and other stories, all very well; but we decidedly object to imposing upon a child a nauseous bolus under the guise of a sugar-plum. Boys fed on this babyish pap either die young or turn out great rakes.

Chase and Stuart's Classical Series: Select Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. With Explanatory Notes by George Stuart, A.M., Professor of the Latin Language in the Central High School of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Bro.; New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.; Boston: Woodman & Hammett; Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.; Cleveland: Ingham & Bragg; Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 1869.—In this edition are included most of the famous forensic and political efforts of the great Roman orator—fourteen in all—among them the four Catilinariæ; three of the Philippics against Antony, which cost him his life; the first of the scathing attacks on Verres, the Warren Hastings of his time; the charming plea in behalf of the Poet Archias, wherein there is more of poetry than, in all probability, that minstrel ever wrote, and the remarkable extemporaneous speech inspired by Caesar's clemency to Marcellus. The print is legible, and the notes seem to show, with a fair degree of scholarship, a just appreciation of the pupil's difficulties; but with an author so generally clear and easy as Cicero notes had, perhaps, better be omitted altogether. Whatever difficulties in the text diligence and study fail to overcome can be more beneficially explained by the teacher in class than by a surreptitious assistant, which neutralizes the discipline in removing the necessity of exertion. It is just these hard places which try the student's mettle and prove his application; and one obscurity fairly puzzled out, with no other help than a dictionary and grammar, will advance a pupil more in real knowledge of the language than a whole library of notes. With this exception, Mr. Stuart seems to have done his work well, and to have produced a very good class-book. The plan of the Forum during the Republic and the list of consuls during Cicero's life add to the usefulness of a volume which we commend to the attention of teachers.

On the Dynamic Principles and Philosophy of Organic Life. By Z. C. McElroy, M.D. St. Louis: P. M. Pinckard. 1869.—In this address, in pamphlet form, Dr. McElroy attempts a solution of the question, How do medicines produce their effects? He would class all articles of the materia medica under the heads of promoters and retarders of nutrition or oxidation, and limit their action solely to their chemical effect on the tissues of the body. Dr. McElroy's views may possibly be correct, but certainly neither his illustrations nor his arguments prove this. In fact, the chemical action of medicines is so controlled by the principle of vitality and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of individuals that nothing definite can be predicated of drugs beyond the fact that generally certain results are produced by them; but what is often one man's meat is poison to another. Still, the train of inductive thought here evidenced is one that we are glad to see active in the medical profession.

Some Thoughts Concerning Education. New York: Schermerhorn & Co.—Messrs. Schermerhorn & Co. are issuing a series of works by the best writers under the title of a *Library of Education*. Locke's well-known though antique treatise on education forms the first volume. Its size is extremely small, in paper covers, and printed in a clear type on wretched paper—one of the most contemptible-looking books we have seen for some time. If standard works on education are in any demand, they ought at least to be presented in respectable exterior, worthy of a place in a teacher's library, or not reprinted at all.

Zell's Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary. Edited by L. Colange. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.—We have received the first seven numbers of this work, which is intended as an *omnium gatherum*—a gazetteer, dictionary, and encyclopædia all in one. It is of folio size, the type small but distinct, arranged in three columns on a page, and interspersed with numerous well-executed wood-cuts. It will be published in weekly numbers and monthly parts, extending over a space of two years, and is a marvel of cheapness; nothing but an extremely large sale, which we think the work well deserves, can repay the great outlay which the preparation of the articles and wood-cuts must entail upon the publisher. In general the numbers before us give evidence of painstaking care and research, and when complete will form a valuable work of reference.

Dictionary of the Bible. By Dr. William Smith. American Edition. Part XV. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—Dr. Smith's standard work on Biblical subjects is now being reproduced, under the editorship of Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with several new features which will enhance its value to the American reader and student. The work is so well known and its excellences so generally acknowledged that further commendation would seem superfluous. The paper, typography, and illustrations of the present edition are remarkably good, and no theological library can have any pretensions to completeness without a copy of this dictionary.

The Nursery. (For March.) Boston: John L. Shorey.—An attractive little brochure is the present number of the *Nursery*, full of appropriate stories and useful chapters calculated to please and interest the miniature Adams and Eves from whom the fatal apple season is yet distant.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—The Indian Pass. By Alfred B. Street. Pp. 201. 1869. | Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated with steel and wood engravings. 1869. |
| G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Mexico and the United States; their Mutual Relations and Common Interests. By Gorham D. Abbott, LL.D. Pp. 321. 1869. | The Study of Languages. By C. Marcel, Knt. Leg. Hon. Pp. 228. 1869. |
| FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.—Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and other Stories. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. Pp. 353. 1869. | HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Her Majesty's Tower. By William Hepworth Dixon. Pp. 263. 1869. |
| ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Planchette; or, The Despair of Science. With a Survey of French Spiritism. | SEVER, FRANCIS & CO., Boston and Cambridge.—A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands. Gathered and Narrated by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe. Pp. 466. |
| D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Waverley Novels: A Legend of Montrose, The Talisman, The Antiquary, Red Gauntlet, St. Ronan's Well. By Sir Walter Scott. | AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York.—The Switzerland of America: A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. By Samuel Bowles. Pp. 166. |
| D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—The Phantom Ship. By Captain Marryat. | PAMPHLETS. |
| Five Weeks in a Balloon; or, Journeys and Discoveries in Africa. By three Englishmen. | TURNER BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia.—Madame De Chamblay. By Alexander Dumas. |
| SEVER, FRANCIS & CO., Boston.—Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus. By Mrs. Shelley. | We have also received The Future (Ecumenical Council: A Letter by the Bishop of New Orleans to the Clergy of his Diocese; The Month. Every Saturday, Overland Monthly, Onward, The Radical, The Little Corporal, The Chess World (London), Hours at Home, Packard's Monthly, Our Young Folks, Once a Month, Arthur's Home Magazine, Good Words. |
| HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—He Knew he was Right. By Anthony Trollope. | |

TABLE-TALK.

IT is very common among artists to hear animated and even passionate discussions, wherein each maintains the dignity and sets forth the advantages of his own art. Among these latter the painters tell us that a great picture, moderate care being taken for its protection, remains unchanged for years, and even for centuries, and tells its tale and teaches its lesson and gives pleasure to thousands, asking no help save that of just criticism, while music requires the concurrence of singers, players, and audience in one place, and even then an ignorant and unsympathetic performance may, and often does, entirely defeat the intentions of the composer and destroy the pleasure of the listeners. The musicians retort that the picture cannot readily be moved, and that it requires no inconsiderable time, and much travel, in order to see a fair number of the fine pictures in existence; while music being printed and easily portable, it only needs a residence in any city in the world large enough to attract a moderate number of musicians to enable a man to hear and judge of all the finest compositions, from the earliest period to the present time. Theoretically, the arguments on either side seem about equal; but practically the musician's case has the unfortunate flaw that the printed editions of the finest works are rare, excepting only those either very modern or very popular, and that many noble and beautiful, and indeed indispensable, works exist only in manuscripts, and are very difficult of access, so that the historical development of music, a study at once instructive and delightful in the highest degree, is almost impossible to the amateur, and the cause of music itself is indefinitely postponed and hindered by the fact that the beautiful and simple old music is never heard by that large body of the public who are precisely in that stage of knowledge and feeling to be most pleased and benefited thereby. What is needed is musical libraries accessible to all, and also that real knowledge of music which renders such treasures available. Such libraries do not exist out of Germany, but the taste and the knowledge which require them are beginning to be abundant in New York, and we see the awakening of a spirit of research which will in the end do great things for the cultivation of music as to its history and development. We have already described the two madrigal concerts which were so successful both as to performance and appreciation a short time ago; and we continue to receive proofs of the interest which that style of music awakened among our amateurs and the various societies which they have organized. We now desire to call attention to a new series of concerts, or rather matinees, which will comprise music of the highest archaic value, and which must be interesting to every thoughtful musician. Mr. F. L. Ritter, whose learning is known to be profound, is also, it appears, the possessor of many rare and valuable scores, and he and his accomplished wife have arranged a series of three matinees, in which that lady and Mr. S. B. Mills will give specimens of old and curious music, so far as that can be done by voice and piano-forte. The programmes for the three matinees are before us, and we are told and can well believe that nearly all the music of the first two will be presented in public for the first time in this country. We are promised some remarks in the special programmes for each morning which, coming from Mr. Ritter, cannot fail to be instructive, while the partial knowledge which most people who have given much time to the art have of the beautiful and healthy music of Purcell and Carey, and the solemn and pathetic strains of Marcello and Pergolesi, make us keenly desirous of hearing any secular music from the pen of Byrd or Gibbons, the predecessors of the two first, and still more anxious not to lose the rare opportunity of hearing some of the famous music for the harpsichord by the Venetian Galuppi, or by the greatest of the three Scarlattis, who were the contemporaries of the two last-named composers. The eminent piano-forte player Moscheles in the latter part of his life was very fond of introducing something of Domenico Scarlatti's at his concerts, and Mr. Mills will deserve credit for a like zeal for his art which induced him to study and interpret for us the works of men once famous, but now too often known only by name, and who deserved better of the world than to be entirely forgotten.

THE Sunday concerts at Irving Hall, given by the Mendelssohn Orchestral Union, meet with great and deserved success. On the last occasion Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* and Wallace's popular overture to *Maritana* were admirably played by the large and efficient orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Bowler sang favorite songs; Mr. J. Levy executed with skill and precision some very difficult solos and variations on the cornet; and Harry Sanderson, who stands unrivalled as a pianist, delighted the audience by his artistic and graceful performance of a *Fantasia de Concert* and a very pleasing arrangement of *The Last Rose of Summer*.

A CURIOUS story is going the rounds of the press concerning a haunted house in Penn Yan, N. Y. A visitor thus describes what he saw and heard:

"Our village clock was striking the hour of twelve when we entered the haunted room. The stillness was disturbed first by what seemed a guitar played but a few feet from us, and as sweet a voice as ear ever heard singing to it in a low tone. In an instant the sound of voices and footsteps was heard all about us, but, although the room was as light as lamp could make it, we saw nothing. The singing continued, until the same sweet voice in the most piercing and sharpest utterance cried 'Help.' As the unearthly yell broke forth we felt our heart beat quickly, our breath come heavily, and every nerve tingle. Three times did this mysterious voice cry 'Help.' After this followed what seemed to be a dance of madmen together with the most demoniac screams ever heard."

MR. E. C. STEDMAN has in press a poem called *The Blameless Prince*, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. It is a story told in verse—the time, scenery, and accessories being of the middle ages—but of a character appealing to universal interest and feeling. The structure of the fable is reared upon a certain mysterious secret attending the life of a prince consort, a secret that tinges his whole career, but remains undivulged to the world. It will not be surprising if a connection is traced between the incidents of the romance and the life of a real and much mourned personage lately deceased. We have not seen the poem, but are informed by judges who have that it is elaborated with zealous care, that it contains passages of singular beauty and melody, and that it is likely to be pronounced superior to any of its author's former poetical productions.

THE friends of Fitz-Greene Halleck have determined to erect a full-length bronze statue of the poet in the Central Park of this city, for which twelve thousand dollars is required. Much of this has been already subscribed by citizens of New York, and further contributions will be received by the treasurer of the committee, Mr. Benjamin H. Field, 127 Water Street, New York.

ACCORDING to the report of the librarian, there are 173,965 volumes, exclusive of unbound pamphlets, periodicals, manuscript materials, and maps, in the Congressional Library; of these 24,668 volumes are in the law department. Eight thousand five hundred books, exclusive of 2,500 pamphlets, were added from various sources during the past year. The total number of books, pamphlets, pieces of music, maps, etc., received under the copyright laws amounted to 5,091.

THE report of the institution in Barre, Worcester County, Mass., shows how much may be done by patient and judicious training and culture to improve the condition of semi-idiotic children. Several of the cases cited are extremely interesting.

THE New York Orthopædic Dispensary, incorporated May 1, 1868, for the treatment of physical deformities—especially among the poor—reports the total number of patients admitted since its organization at 206. In the treatment of diseases of the hip joint and spine the institution appears to have been very successful.

THE second number of the *Packard Quarterly* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), by the class of 1869, is a creditable production—earnest, thoughtful, and varied.

MESSRS. POTT & AMERY, of New York, have just published *Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York*, by Hon. Murray Hoffman.

MEN of letters and science, says the *Athenæum*, will everywhere hear with regret of the death of Lady Murchison, though she has gone from among them in the fulness of years and honor. She was a very good naturalist; and it is well known that her partner, Sir Roderick, was first persuaded by her influence and her accomplishments to devote himself to those scientific studies which have raised him to his present high place.

WE are surely getting nearer and nearer a true knowledge of younger times as the world grows older. Almost every month brings accounts of new discoveries of our ancestors and their doings—discoveries brought about by the exigencies of modern progress. We observe that important and successful excavations have recently been made at the Gallo-Roman cemetery at Lacroix, St. Ouen, near Compiègne, under the direction of M. de Raucy. Three curious sepulchres have been brought to light, and no less than 330 earthen, and 30 glass vases of various shapes and colors. The investigations are to be prosecuted still further.

IT has been discovered that the director of the Museum of the Louvre, Paris, has been in the habit of lending pictures from the gallery to adorn the private residences of high officials. The discovery was made by two of the works of the great masters being destroyed by fire in the apartments of the President of the Senate.

IT is rumored that a split has occurred in the British cabinet on the Irish Church question. Several members are said to be in favor of the levelling-up scheme—the establishing of the Roman Catholic Church instead of the disestablishing of the Episcopal—and that Cardinal Cullen is laboring hard to get Roman bishops into the House of Lords. John Bright is represented as already heartily sick of office.

A NOVEL plan for the reclamation of prostitutes is being tried in Paris. It consists in marrying them to discharged prisoners, the inducement being a dower of 300 francs offered to the brides by a benevolent society of ladies. Thirty-five couples have thus been united, and the plan so far is said to work remarkably well.

LOVERS must not be too ardent—at least in England. A female weaver there lately gained £5 damages against a young man who, while courting her, squeezed her hand so hard as to break one of her fingers.

DR. COLENSO, of Natal, recently met with a serious accident. Returning home after dark, from a visitation, in crossing a river near his residence his horse got into a deep hole, and, the stream being swollen and the current strong, the bishop was washed off his horse and rolled over some thirty or forty yards. A Mr. Kirkman, who was travelling with him, succeeded in rescuing him, and at the latest dates Dr. Colenso had perfectly recovered.

Une Folie à Rome, the new opera of Signor Federigo Ricci, has been brought out at the Théâtre des Fantaies Parisiennes. A genuine opera buffa, "as light as air," it pleased the French audience. The new drama of M. Alexandre Dumas, *Les Blancs et les Bleus*, is in rehearsal at the Châtelet. Among forthcoming novelties in Paris are, a three-act comedy by M. Edmond Goudinet; a new drama by M. Victorien Sardou; *Julie*, a comedy by M. Octave Feuillet; and *La Famille des Gueux*, by M. Claretie. *Madame la Marquise* is the title of a new drama by MM. Lockroy and De Saint-Georges.

WHAT next? A machine has been invented in Melbourne for shearing sheep. It is used in the same fashion as ordinary shears, but cuts much quicker and far cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece. Some wandering Yankee must have strolled over to Australia.

TWENTY-NINE thousand volumes were added last year to the printed book department of the British Museum. The Museum library is said to be by far the finest in the world.

THE *London Times* thus vividly portrays one of the earliest American pioneers:

"The more we meditate over the career of Sir Walter Raleigh the more we wonder at the marvellous many-sidedness of the man. In this respect he far excelled his compeers Shakespeare and Bacon. A most sweet and tuneful poet, a profound and philosophic historian, an accomplished courtier, a skilful navigator and ship-builder, a gallant warrior both by sea and land, an ardent planter, horticulturist, and botanist, an earnest student of chemistry, and, lastly, to omit many other of his distinctions, a bold preacher of free-trade doctrines in the House of Commons nearly three hundred years before such doctrines were ordinarily accepted—truly this was a marvel of a man."

GOLD has been found on the borders of Holmsdale River, Sutherlandshire, North Scotland, but only in small quantities; sufficient, however, to attract more than local attention, as it is stated that with proper means the yield might be considerable.

CLARIBEL (Mrs. Charles Barnard), the author of many popular songs and ballads, died at Dover, of typhoid fever, on Feb. 1.

EDMUND YATES is no longer editor of *Tinsley's Magazine*.

CHESS.

THE memorable events which transpired at the first American Chess Congress held in New York, in the autumn of 1857, will ever hold a conspicuous place in the annals of chess history. It was then that the wonderful endowments of Paul Morphy and Louis Paulsen first attracted public attention; and but for the occasion thus presented, when chess-players from the remotest sections of the continent were called together, who can say but that these bright lights might have remained hidden under a bushel, or at best but have dazzled the provincial circles in which they moved? More than eleven years have since passed away and we now reiterate the views which we expressed a few weeks ago, that the present is the most appropriate time for holding a second American Chess Congress in New York during the coming autumn. That with a little exertion on the part of a few gentlemen of influence in our principal cities a sufficiency of funds could be raised to carry out the project on a basis similar to that of the former Congress cannot be doubted. But we would not stop here. The programme should include invitations to three or four of the finest players in Europe; the provision of a thousand dollars toward their expenses, and an additional sum of similar amount or upwards for a first prize. To effect all this, and more, how little would be the cost! Three thousand dollars in addition to the fees for membership and entry to the various tournaments would accomplish it all. As a preliminary step, then, let us set about raising this three thousand dollars. We trust that these views will be at once acted upon in every Chess Club throughout the United States; that subscription lists will be opened and gentlemen invited to set against their names such sums as they may be willing to subscribe, provided the aggregate of subscriptions thus agreed to be paid shall reach the requisite amount. Our idea is, that within four weeks of the present date more than the required sum will be subscribed. It will be time enough then to call preliminary meetings, appoint officers, and perfect all arrangements for the due organization of the second American Chess Congress.

GAME XXVIII.

Played in the Tournament now in progress at the New York Chess Club between Messrs Hind and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

WHITE—Mr. H. BLACK—Mr. M.
1. P to K4 1. Kt to QB3
2. P to KB4

Scarcely so good as P to Q4

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 3. Kt to KB3 | 2. P to K4 |
| 4. P takes P | 3. Q to KB3 |
| 5. B to K4 | 4. Kt takes P |
| 6. B takes Kt | 5. Kt takes Kt ch |
| 7. P to QB3 | 6. B to QB4 |
| 8. P to Q4 | 7. Kt to K2 |
| 9. Q to QKt3 | 8. B to QKt3 |
| 10. Castles | 9. P to Q3 |
| | 10. B to K3 |

This move was not sufficiently considered, and occasioned Black considerable embarrassment.

Fortunate for Black that he had this resource! It will be seen that had the Queen gone to R5 she would have been won by Rook to KB4.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 11. B to R5 ch | 13. Kt to Q2 |
| 12. Q to Q | 14. B to KB3 |
| | 15. K to R |
| | 16. Kt to QKt3 |
| | 17. B to KKt5 |
| | 18. P to QR4 |
| | 19. P to Q5 |
| | 20. P takes P |
| | 21. Q to K2 |
| | 13. P to KKt3 |
| | 14. B to KB3 |
| | 15. Q to KKt2 |
| | 16. P to KR4 |
| | 17. K to B2 |
| | 18. P to QR4 |
| | 19. P takes P |
| | 20. B to Q2 |
| | 21. Kt to KB4 |

Probably the best play was QR to K, but Black wished to retain his Knight, having in view the advance of P to KR5, with the subsequent check of Kt at KKt6.

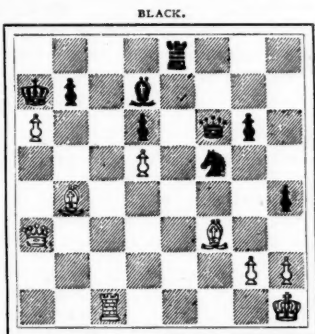
- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 22. Q to QB4 ch | 23. Kt to Kt |
| 24. Kt to Q4 | 24. P to KR5 |
| 25. P takes B | 25. R to QR3 |
| 26. R to K4 | 26. R to QKt3 |
| 27. Q to QB3 | 27. R to QKt5 |
| 28. P to QKt3 | 28. R to QKt3 |
| 29. Q takes QP | 29. R takes QP |
| 30. K takes R | 30. Kt takes R |
| 31. R to K | 31. R to K4 |
| 32. B to Q2 | |

Well played: with this move Mr. H. again assumes the offensive, and carries on the attack for some time with great energy and spirit.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 33. P to QKt4 | 32a. R to QB4 |
| 34. B takes KtP | 33. P takes P |
| 35. Q to QR3 | 34. R to QB |
| 36. P to QR5 | 35. Q to KB3 |
| 37. R to QB | 36. K to R2 |
| 38. P to QR6 | 37. R to K |
| | 38. Kt to Kt6 ch |

At length Mr. M. is enabled to give the long-awaited check with Knight. The position, as will be seen from the appended diagram, is critical in the extreme for both players, and we believe the move in the text is the only one by which the second player can hope to save the game.

Position before Black's 38th move.



39. P takes Kt 39. P takes KKtP
40. P takes KtP ch This move loses the game: White ought instead to have checked with B at QB5, which in all probability would have led to a "draw."

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 41. R to B7 ch | 40. K takes P |
| 42. R to B7 ch | 41. K takes R |
| 43. R to B7 ch | |
| 44. R to B7 ch | |
| 45. R to B7 ch | |
| 46. R to B7 ch | |
| 47. R to B7 ch | |
| 48. R to B7 ch | |
| 49. R to B7 ch | |
| 50. R to B7 ch | |

And wins.
Played in the same tourney as the foregoing "partie," between Mr. P. W., of Boston, and Mr. Schaffer.

GAME XXIX.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT REFUSED.
WHITE—Mr. W. BLACK—Mr. S.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. P to Q4 | 1. P to Q4 |
| 2. P to QB4 | 2. Kt to KB3 |
| 3. P K3 | |

P takes P followed by Kt to QB3 or P to K4 would have gained White an important "time."

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 4. Kt to QB3 | 3. B to KB4 |
| 5. P to QR5 | 4. P to K3 |
| 6. P takes P | 5. P to QB3 |
| 7. Kt to KB3 | 6. KP takes P |
| 8. B to K2 | 7. B to Q3 |
| 9. P to KR3 | 8. Castles |
| 10. P to KKt4 | 9. QKt to Q2 |
| 11. B to Q2 | 10. B to K5 |
| 12. R to Kt | 11. Q to K2 |
| 13. P to KR4 | 12. B to Kt3 |
| 14. P to KR5 | 13. Kt to K2 |
| 15. B takes Kt | 14. Kt takes Kt |
| | 15. B to K5 |

A good many moves have been lost by this Bishop, without his having accomplished anything very remarkable.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 16. B to Q3 | 16. P to KR3 |
| 17. Q to K2 | 17. Q to B3 |
| 18. B takes B | 18. P takes B |
| 19. Kt to Q2 | 19. Q to K2 |
| 20. P to Kt5 | 20. P takes P |
| 21. Q to KKt4 | 21. P to KB3 |
| 22. Q to B5 | |

He could not safely take KP with Kt, although he might have done so with the Queen.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 23. Castles | 23. QR to K |
| 24. R to KR | 24. Kt to QKt3 |
| 25. P to KR6 | 25. Kt to QR5 |
| 26. P takes KKtP | 25. Kt takes B |
| | 26. Q takes KtP |
| | 27. P takes Kt |
| | 28. K to B2 |
| | 29. R to Q |
| | 30. Kt takes KP |
| | 31. Q to K6 ch |
| | 32. Q to KB2 |
| | 33. R to Q4 |
| | 34. Q to K6 ch |
| | 35. K to Kt2 |
| | 36. R to R7 ch |
| | 37. K to R7 ch |
| | 38. R to R7 ch |
| | 39. K to Kt2 |
| | 40. R to R7 ch |
| | 41. K to R7 ch |
| | 42. R to R7 ch |
| | 43. K to R7 ch |
| | 44. R to R7 ch |
| | 45. K to R7 ch |
| | 46. R to R7 ch |
| | 47. K to R7 ch |
| | 48. R to R7 ch |
| | 49. K to R7 ch |
| | 50. R to R7 ch |

And wins.
Between Messrs. Owen and Blackburne in the contest for the Challenge Cup of the British Chess Association.

GAME XXX.

IRREGULAR OPENING.
WHITE—Mr. O. BLACK—Mr. B.
Mr. Owen, we understand, has a great partiality for close openings, which will account for the somewhat unusual first move adopted by him.
1. P to K3
2. P to Q4
3. Kt to KB3
4. P to QB4
1. P to KKt3
2. B to Kt2
3. P to K3
4. Kt to K2

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPRINGFIELD.—Thanks for letter received. Your disclaimer, however, of the objectionable paragraph had been forestalled by the report of our friend, Mr. W., of Boston, who is now in New York, and who speaks in warm terms of the courtesies extended to him on his late visit to your city.
C. F. H., Philadelphia.—Accept our acknowledgments for consultation games sent; but are we wrong in hazarding the opinion that we have seen finer play, single-handed, by some of the gentlemen conducting these?

T. O. K., Pittsburg.—The fact of your King having been in check does not prevent your Castling, provided that neither King nor Rook has been previously moved.
F. B., Newburg.—If there be no other move at your disposal, you must take the Pawn en passant.

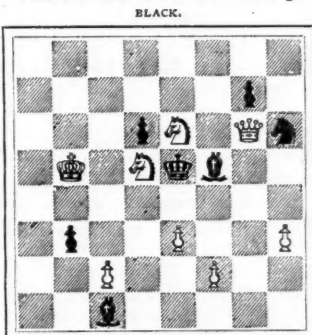
G. B., Cincinnati.—Let us have the games alluded to by all means. We are glad to learn the flourishing condition of the Cincinnati Chess Club, and shall hope to hear more frequently of its proceedings.

Two.—Your criticisms on game XXII. are scarcely instructive. We think you had better look over it again and avail yourself of the counsel of a more experienced player.

E. P. D., Hoboken, N. J.—Your end game is neat but rather too simple to warrant publication.
C. N. C., Buffalo; A. F., Newark; E. B., Princeton; F. R., New York; J. N. B., Chicago; S. L., Bridgeport; and D. T., Brooklyn.—Solutions to problems XV. and XVI. under these signatures are correct.

F. H. M., Cleveland.—Problem XV. is quite correct. If, as you suggest, Black move 7. K to K4 White mates in two more moves by R to QB dis ch, and R to QR mate.

PROBLEM XIX. By Mr. Conrad Bayer.
From the Neue Berliner Schachzeitung.



White to play and checkmate in three moves.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 5. B to K2 | 3. P to QKt3 |
| 6. Kt to QB3 | 6. B to QKt2 |
| 7. B to Q2 | |
| 8. P to QKt4 | 7. P to Q3 |
| 9. QR to Kt | 8. Kt to Q2 |
| 10. Q to QKt3 | 9. Q to QB |
| 11. P to K4 | 10. QR to Kt |
| 12. P to Q3 | 11. P to QR3 |
| 13. KP takes P | 12. P takes P |
| 14. Castles | 13. Castles |
| 15. QR to Q | 14. Kt to KB4 |
| 16. Kt to K4 | 15. Kt to K4 |
| 17. H takes Kt | 16. Kt takes Kt ch |
| 18. Q to Q3 | 17. Kt to Q5 |
| 19. K to R | 18. Q to KB4 |
| 20. B to QB3 | 19. KR to K |
| 21. B takes B | 20. Kt takes KB |
| 22. Q to QB3 | 21. Q takes Kt |

Q takes Q followed by P takes Kt might have given him some little chance of drawing, as the Bishops are of different colors.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 23. R to KKt | 22. Kt to KR5 |
| 24. B to KR8 | 23. Kt to KB4 |
| 25. R to Q3 | 24. P to KR4 |
| 26. P to Kt3 | 25. K to R2 |
| 27. P to KKt4 | 26. Q to KR5 |
| And White resigns. | 27. R to K7 |

TOURNAMENT OF THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—We are gratified to find that the Handicap Tourney now progressing at the New York Club, the play in which commenced on Wednesday, 17th ult., has assumed dimensions far more considerable than we had anticipated. The number of players having already entered their names as participants in the proceedings amounts to thirty-four, and the lists are still open to all comers. Up to the present time but few hand-to-hand encounters have taken place between the more prominent players, and the score in such as have thus occurred has unfortunately not been recorded. The attendance both of members and visitors, since the commencement of the tournament, has been very satisfactory, and augurs favorably for a new and successful era in the annals of the New York Chess Club. Among several well-known amateurs, non-members of the club, having entered the tourney are Mr. P. W., of Boston, and Dr. Jones, formerly of Washington. The latter gentleman, we are pleased to learn, is about taking up his residence in this city, and will prove a valuable acquisition to our Chess circles.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

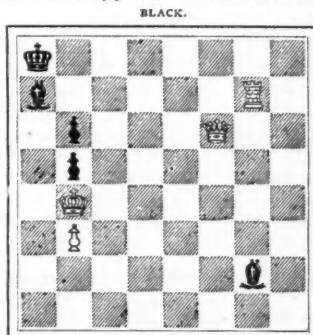
PROBLEM XVII.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K4 | 1. K to Q5 |
| 2. B takes KBP ch | 2. K takes Kt |
| 3. B to Q7 dis mate | |

PROBLEM XVIII.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to KB6 | 1. P to KR4 |
| 2. B to KKt4 | 2. P takes B |
| 3. K to Kt2 | 3. P to Kt6 |
| 4. P takes P mate | |

PROBLEM XX. By Mr. S. Loyd.
From the recently-published American Chess Nuts.



White to play and checkmate in three moves.

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Receipts during the year,	13,129,531 093
Disbursements during the year,	35,791,983 20
	6,466,688 10
Net Assets, January 31, 1869,	\$29,325,295 10

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Cash,	\$1,882,689 63
Bonds and Mortgages,	21,458,357 43
United States and New York State Stocks, cost	5,003,108 75
Real Estate,	951,807 08
Due from Agents,	29,332 21
	29,325,295 10

ADD:	
Deferred premium (semi-annual and quarterly),	\$1,330,679 95
Premiums, principally for Policies issued in December and January, in course of transmission,	358,500 07
Interest due and unpaid,	6,614 83
Interest accrued, but not due, on Stocks and Bonds and Mortgages,	245,670 00
Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost,	558,628 81
	2,509,093 66

Gross Assets, January 31, 1869, \$31,834,388 76

THE ASSETS ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Net Reserves, Company's Table, 4 per cent.,	28,753,512 02
Surplus,	3,080,872 74
	31,834,388 76
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